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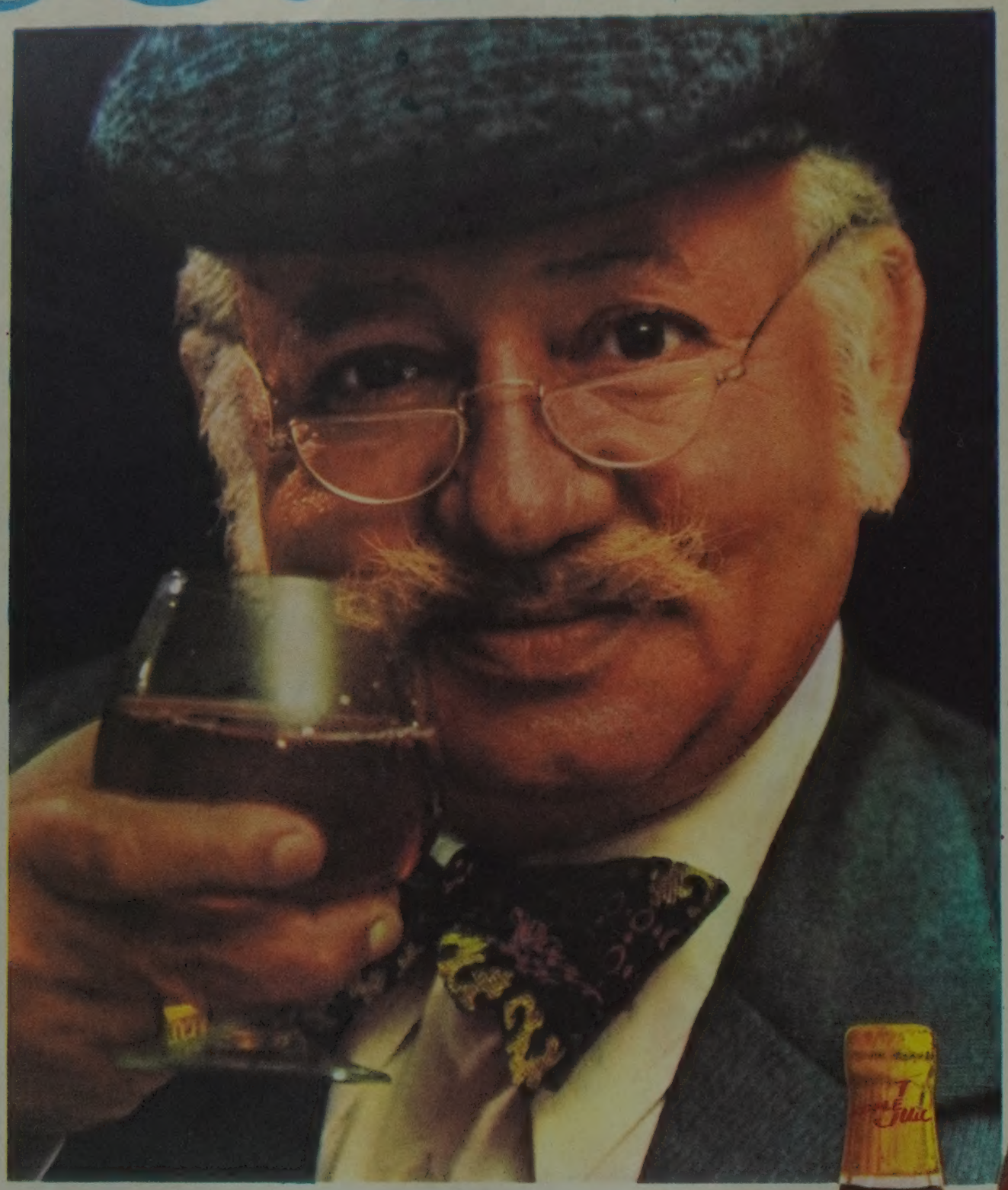

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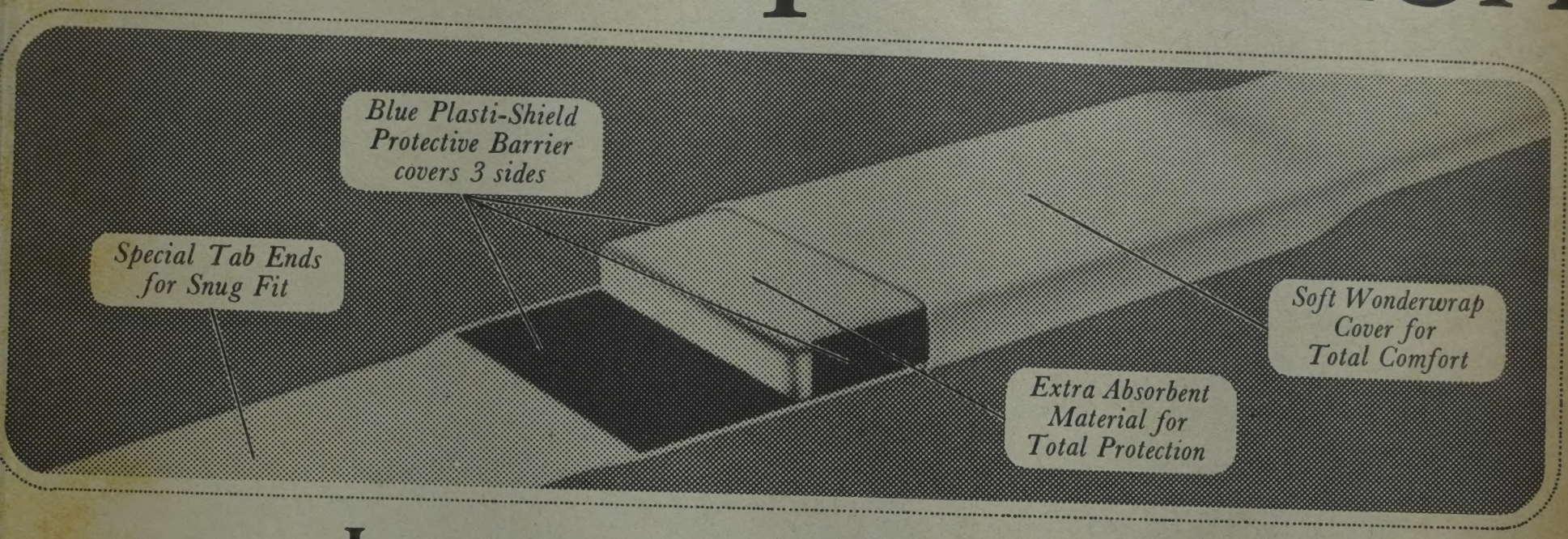
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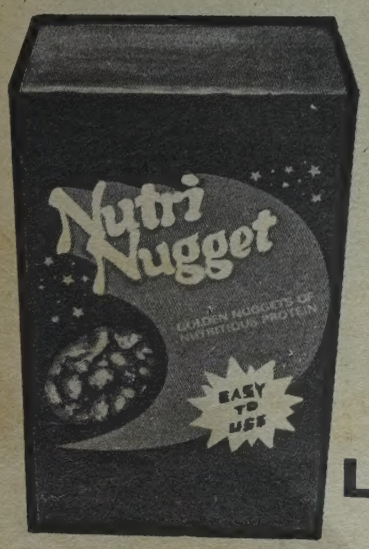

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musarrat-SPRA

DEVIKA HATE

Very talkative and friendly, Devika is a typical mod teenager, who wants to be 'with it' and live it up 'fully'. Working to achieve so much in life, this young, energetic girl did her B.A. in Sociology from St. Xavier's College, Bombay. Interested in social work, she did voluntary social work at the Psychiatric department of a public hospital. Her varied interests extend to reading, swimming, writing poetry and going out for long drives.

She was Banquet Sales Executive with one of the leading five star hotels in town. What made her leave this interesting job? "I always wanted to appear on TV," she said. She has been appearing on various television programmes recently.

Photograph : Farokh Reporter

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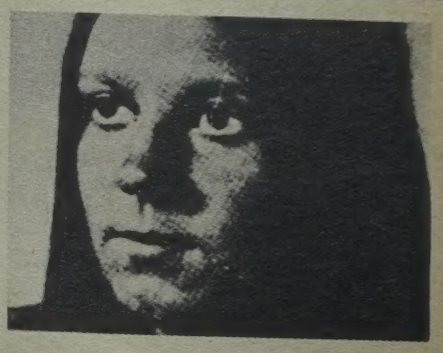
this week

EUTHANESIA : A RIGHT TO DIE ?

The famous Karen Quinlan case posed, in a tragically public way, one of the most delicate of medical and legal issues : whether, in addition to the right to live, there is, in certain circumstances, a right to die. A look into this extremely sensitive question.

Page 8.



TRIUMPH OVER PAIN

What could be more heartening than seeing how a person who is seriously handicapped rises above the situation and not only makes her own life meaningful but gives pleasure to others? A young girl in Bombay, suffering from both physical and mental handicaps, brightens up the world around her with beautiful handicrafts.

Page 17.

THE GOVERNMENT AS EMPLOYER

Careers in the government can be varied as well as interesting and above all they promise security. Interviews with women pursuing different careers in the government give an idea of the possibilities there and the advantages and disadvantages of their jobs.

Page 34.

A PEEP INTO THE INDIAN DIPLOMATIC EMPIRE

What are the duties of our diplomats abroad and how do they discharge them? Is it right for a poor country like India to spend lavishly on projecting an image abroad? Would it be a disadvantage if we lived within our means and thus projected a subdued image in other countries?

Page 36.

ALSO

Urbanites and their leisure time activities — **Page 22** Film Interview : Zeenat Aman, what next? — **Page 21** Profile : Mariamma Alexander, acupuncturist — **Page 27** Women in the IFS : Bouquets and brickbats — **Page 39** Women at the IIG : An interesting career — **Page 40** Rita Sinha : New rifle-shooting champion — **Page 23.**

REGULAR FEATURES

Your Page/**7**, Short Story/**10**, People Known & Unknown/**13**, Story/**14**, Comics/**20**, Fashion/**24**, Cookery/**29**, Beauty/**33**, Hiya Honey/**43**, Quiz Contest 5/**43**, People & Events/**44**, World Of Eve/**45**, Horoscope/**46**.

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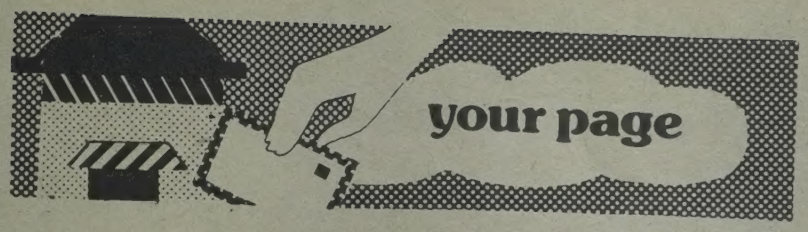


Do you have anything to say? Then say it here. We pay Rs. 25, 15 and 10 for the three best letters.

1st prize

WHAT PRICE FREEDOM?

As an ardent women's libber, I've watched the progress of the movement in other countries as well as in India and I've come to the conclusion that it is time for us to pause and think before we continue imitating our Western sisters.

After the advent of Women's Lib in the West, the trend there is either for marriages to break up or for people to live together without benefit of clergy and then pass on to other partners when the magic in the relationship has disappeared. Now this may look like the ultimate in freedom in the relations between the sexes. But the sad fact is that the majority of Westerners who "enjoy" this freedom suffer a deep-rooted loneliness as a result and seek to escape it with temporary liaisons.

That seems to be the reason why the very nation which gave birth to the modern women's rights movement also gave rise to groups like the Total Woman, Fascinating Womanhood and the Pussycat League which encourage woman's traditional submissive role!

The libber's choice is like the one between Scylla and Charybdis — either total freedom and the consequent loneliness that is almost inevitable, or bondage for the sake of companionship! Let us tarry a while and think hard before we decide.

Pushpalatha Prabhu, Bombay

The 'blacklash' to Women's Lib is being made much of. People tend to forget that there were divorces galore in the West even before the sixties; and, of course, it has now become fashionable in some sections in the U.S. to pose as anti-libbers. The fact remains, however, that the Libber's choice is simple: the choice to decide what she wants to do with her body, her talent, her life.

2nd prize

A WOMAN'S INCOME

Why does a married woman have to do two jobs — act as a housekeeper and take up outside work — in order to be financially independent, whereas a married man need do only one job to achieve the same objective of financial independence? After all, looking after a home and bearing and rearing children are not exactly sinecures. They involve a lot of hard work and physical discomfort. No doubt it would be demeaning to accept a salary for performing these tasks. But that doesn't mean that there should be no financial return for the performance of these vital services.

I therefore suggest that the problem be solved by making it compulsory for the husband to deposit half his income in the wife's name. They can then share the expenses involved in running the home and the remainder in each case can be regarded as individual savings. This way the woman need not bear a double burden or neglect her home, husband and children in order to acquire financial independence.

Of course, if she too is earning, her income should be considered her own as that is something she is shouldering apart from her housework.

P. Ganapathy, Bombay

We have often talked of salaries for housewives in these columns and many readers felt that the Indian woman would be loathe to accept a salary from her husband. However, anything that the husband gives his wife remains 'his' and sooner or later he taunts her with the words: whose money is it, anyway. No, the solution lies in earning your own income.

3rd prize

YOUNG COWARDS

It is perhaps true to say that we are today poised at cultural cross-roads. Customs that were taboo a few decades ago are permitted quite freely today while those that may become commonplace in years to come are being accepted — but only just.

The age-old concept of arranged marriages as we know it in India has undergone considerable modification. Young people have wider scope to mix socially and get to know each other. Higher education and the increase in the number of women on the working scene have made this possible. When a young man and woman decide to get married it is a foregone conclusion that their way of life will permit this. Imagine, therefore, the girl's consternation when she realises that the young man wishes to gracefully bow out because his parents have other plans or because he is still financially dependant on them or even because their horoscopes do not satisfactorily tally! I feel that if a man is not mature enough to stand up to his convictions or for some reason is obliged by his parents to toe the line, then he should analyse at the very onset his standing — filial, moral, social and financial — before entering into a deep relationship with a girl.

D. Khan, Hyderabad

This sort of thing happens all the time. Our boys are mod only on the surface. When it comes to the nitty-gritty they become 'mama's boys' and don't care a damn for the girl they have romanced and made promises to.

A MATTER OF DEGREE

Your magazine has been publishing so many letters on 'Women's Lib', 'Equality of Sexes', 'Women's Rights', etc. but I haven't come across a word of mention from any of your readers demanding a change in the names of degrees.

Why not change Bachelor and Master of Arts/Science/Commerce to Spinster and Mistress of Arts/Science/Commerce?

I'm sure all those who've been staunch supporters of the 'Women's Lib' movement in India would welcome this change and I, for one, would like to see the outcome. It would be a pleasant diversion, wouldn't it?

Mrs. J. Aranha, Bombay

You'll have to do better than that. Both 'spinster' and 'mistress' have male-inspired connotations that we'd much rather forget.

READER'S VOICE

The article on "Correspondence Courses" (June 24) made interesting reading. The writer has aptly pointed out their various advantages and certain drawbacks. However, mention has not been made of certain other difficulties experienced by students regarding the receipt of lessons, etc. I was a victim, who undertook this course for a post graduate degree in Literature. Right from the beginning, I had difficulties, one after the other. First it was the admission, which came after two months of sending the application, then I heard nothing from the University nor have I received any lessons in spite of paying the fees.

I waited for three more months and when nothing was forthcoming (all my letters to the Director were futile, they fetched no replies), I sought the help of a professor here who was kind enough to write to his friend in the University and this resulted in the despatch of all the pending lessons.

Meanwhile I missed four contact classes, as I wasn't informed. When I was sure that I was taking the exam to be held in May, I was in for a shock. I received a letter cancelling my admission for non-payment of fees, which I had sent much before the due date. All my certificates were returned. But I didn't lose hope, as I was very keen on taking the exam. Again I sought the help of the professor and everything was set right and I was allowed to appear for the exam in May. Until the middle of March I was not sure of my position.

I am writing this to explain the unpleasant experience I went through during the past year to appear for my first M.A. I hope the correspondence courses will improve and Directors be more responsive to students. (N. Meera Raghavendra Rao, Madras)

NEWS BULLETIN

I don't think much of your new column, "News Bulletin: For Women, About Women." Who wants to read about all those rapes and deaths — that too of all ordinary, unimportant people? (C. Mazumdar, Bombay)

RAINWEAR

Thank you for the smart designs of raincoats in your issue of July 15. I don't know how feasible it will be to get them made, but I intend to try my best. (R. Rebello, Bombay)

DO WE HAVE A RIGHT TO DIE?

A sketch of Karen Quinlan being kept alive on a respirator.

Mercy killing, like abortion and sterilisation, is a fiercely controversial issue. Its pros and cons are discussed here

Manohar S. Kamath

A recent case in a London court has stirred up public opinion all over England. Jessie Farr, a patient who is in the terminal stages of multiple sclerosis (a type of malignancy) was not released from hospital to "die peacefully at home" in spite of her husband Rodney's utmost efforts to secure her release. The judges were of the opinion that Farr was not capable of exercising independent judgement regarding his wife's interests and needs, and refused to order her release from hospital.

The sensational case of Karen Ann Quinlan, the 24-year-old girl who suddenly slipped into a coma while out with friends, continues to dominate the minds of medico-legal experts all over the world. Karen's parents waited for long months by their adopted daughter's bedside hoping she would recover, but as she gradually turned from the vivacious girl they knew into a skeleton, they asked the hospital to cease treatment. At that time, Karen was on an artificial respirator on which she depended for her breathing functions; naturally, its removal would have lead to her death. The hospital authorities refused to accede to the request which could lay them open for a lawsuit for negligence of a patient leading to her death.

The Quinlan family took the case to the New Jersey Superior Court which gave a historic verdict: Patients (or their guardians) had a right to ask medical authorities to cease treatment at any time and the hospital authorities would be absolved of any consequences that would follow.

VITAL ASPECTS OF EUTHANASIA

The Mysterious World Of "Coma"

The question of mercy-killing arises very often in those conditions in which the patient is helpless and can do nothing by himself. One such condition which often arouses the pity of relatives and the public alike is the phenomenon called "Coma."

By definition, coma is a state in which the person is unconscious and does not respond to either external stimuli or inner needs. It may vary in degree, and in severe cases no reaction may be obtained even to the most painful stimuli. Common conditions that lead to coma include intoxication (by alcohol, barbiturates, etc.), metabolic disorders (like liver or kidney failure, diabetes), severe infections, shock, epilepsy, brain tumours, strokes and head injuries.

In spite of intensive research in neurology, scientists have not yet been able to pinpoint the exact area of the brain which when damaged causes the comatose state. It is generally believed that the area of the mid-brain and thalamus ("the great relaying station of the brain") undergo various changes which lead to coma.

Another unknown factor in coma is the recovery time from the condition for a particular patient and return to normalcy. Parents with the same type of causative factors for coma may show varying responses over periods of time. Some recover in a few hours, while, though rarely, the condition may be prolonged over several years in others. The longest survival in coma is believed to be one Miss Elain Esposito in the USA, who has lived for over 34 years in this helpless condition. The Indian record reportedly is 18 years for an anonymous patient who was under the care of a neurologist in Bombay.

Neurologists, however, have a never-say-die attitude towards their comatose patients. An eminent neurologist who was asked his opinion on the subject said, "The patient in a coma is alive; one never knows when he or she might snap out of the coma and return to normal life. There's no question of euthanasia in these cases — it would literally amount to homicide."

In recent times, medical practitioners have separated the "brain death" from the realm of coma. Besides being unconscious and not responding to stimuli, the "brain dead" person has widely dilated pupils that do not react to light and cannot breathe without the help of a respirator. The electro-encephalogram (a record of brain activity in waves) of such an individual is flat and shows no brain activity. "Brain death" is recognised as death in many countries in Europe and some states of the USA, but is still to be recognised as such in India. It assumes great significance when one considers that organs like the heart and kidneys can be recovered from such individuals for transplantation purposes before the reflex cardiac activity comes to a stop.

Besides the financial and social implications that coma can have on the patient and his family, medical care of comatose patients is a bit of a problem. Care has to be taken to prevent the occurrence of bed sores and pneumonia to which these patients are very prone. Feeding and bladder care are also great problems which need constant surveillance.

Medical history records some miracle recoveries in cases of patients in a coma. In 1972, a 12-year-old girl who had been in coma for three weeks after a road accident woke up and said, "Hello, Mummy" when her parents gathered round her bed and sang "Happy birthday dear Susan." A puzzling case in one of Bombay's leading hospitals is that of a man who goes into coma for a span of a few days or a week, only to recover fully without any treatment after some time. The cause of his coma is believed to be some yet undetected metabolic disorder. A doctor in Bombay related the story of one of his relatives who was suffering from a chronic ailment and would periodically go into a coma, but her recovery from this condition could be accurately predicted before she slipped into unconsciousness again.

Subsequently, in October 1976, Governor Edmund Brown Jr. of California passed a law stating that a terminally ill person could be allowed to die without medical treatment, provided he consents to it himself. The tragedy of the Quinlan case however, did not end there. When the respirator was shut off she, ironically, started breathing on her own and is still alive today — more than three years after she went into a coma.

Cases like these crop up periodically in hospital wards all over the world. Patients with incurable and terminal diseases pose ethical problems to doctors at some stage or the other of their career. Equally distressing are cases of malformed or mentally retarded babies, whose future can be predicted to be bleak in this harsh, competitive world. The doctor has then to face conflicting arguments in deciding whether or not to involve himself in helping a patient to "die gracefully," or in Euthanasia as it is called in medical parlance.

The term euthanasia is derived from Greek and literally means "to die well." In the modern context, the term is applied to all those cases where a person (whose life ceases to have a purposeful meaning) is relieved from agony by "mercy-killing." Those who advocate it point out that care of the terminally ill patient by artificial means is not "prolonging of life but the prolonging of death."

Euthanasia has had the sanction of history down the ages. In Cos, the birthplace of Hippocrates, there was a custom for old

Karen Ann Quinlan

men who fell ill to drink hemlock (a poison) together. Pythagoras and Plato have accepted mercy-killing in cases of incurable, fatal disease. The Japanese "hara-kiri" and the killing of an injured comrade in arms in the face of a ruthless, advancing enemy have been accepted through the centuries. Hitler authorised the killing of all "incurables" including lunatics and thus wiped off 2,75,000 people in Germany.

In modern times, euthanasia has been classified into two categories: Voluntary (where the patient asks for or consents to the act) and Involuntary (where the decision is left to doctors and relatives). The act which leads to death itself can be in two forms: active assistance by administering large doses of sedatives or narcotics for the specific purpose of killing, or passive means when life-prolonging measures such as intravenous fluids and respirators are stopped. Accepting or rejecting any one of these categories of mercy-killing ultimately depends upon one's attitude to life and social customs, but the proposal of euthanasia itself has many social, medical, legal and religious aspects which must be clarified to understand the setting of mercy-killing in modern society.

Taking the medical viewpoint, a large number of physicians do not believe in the principle of euthanasia. Most doctors are averse to the "guardian of life also being its executor." This attitude primarily arises from the belief that to administer euthanasia would be admission of failure. Subconsciously, at the back of the physician's mind, hovers the Hippocratic oath: "I will...protect and prolong life to the best of my ability," which also acts as a mental barrier of sorts.

The most complex question for the medical man is to decide what is "incurable" and "terminal." The history of disease and the way it affects people varies tremendously from person to person. Quite often, a patient given a lease of life of two-three months by his doctor may be alive two or three years later. Though physicians are in a position to give the prognosis of incurable disease in about 98 per cent of cases, the remaining two per cent defy human understanding and take a bizarre course which can by no means be predicted.

Patients in coma for months on end usually go downhill, but one or two suddenly sit up and continue to lead a useful life. A Bombay physician revealed the case of a young man who went into a coma after an operation and had fixed, dilated pupils on examination (a sign of "brain death"). The patient was put on a respirator and continued in this condition for 48 hours, at the end of which he suddenly woke up. Another 48 hours later the man was sitting up in bed reading a newspaper. He left hospital after a few weeks to lead a normal life. "I would hate to play God and decide for my patient when his life should end; how would one know if a miracle was forthcoming to save a particular patient, like this one?" the doctor asks pointedly.

Continued on page 42

Who Has The Right To Consent?

In the present context of euthanasia, even staunch protagonists agree that the measure can be justified only if the chronically ill person in pain (or his relatives) consents to the act himself.

In the absence of special laws, it is presumed that medical laws for consent of treatment apply to those who insist on a "right to die." The law regarding consent is subject to the following conditions:

The fully conscious patient: No medical treatment of any sort can be carried out without the consent of such a person. No operation or major procedure on the human body can be performed without the patient's consent in writing. For minor ailments and their treatment, the very fact that the person has approached a physician amounts to consent for treatment. In India, surgeons in public hospitals often have to bear the frustration of not being able to operate on patients with surgically curable conditions, just because patients refuse to assent because of various fears and social tabboos.

The unconscious person: In the absence of relatives, doctors are free to carry out any procedures which they believe would benefit the patient and to which he normally would have given his consent were he conscious. In the presence of relatives, it is the doctor's duty to consult them and obtain their permission in writing prior to radical treatment. For the purpose of law, the spouse, parents, adult children and blood relations, in that order, qualify to be regarded as relatives with a right over the unconscious person. In case relatives are at conflict with one another regarding consent, the doctor is at liberty to exercise his own opinion for the benefit of the patient.

On some occasions, the refusal of next-of-kin for treatment may be ignored by the physician if he believes that a particular line of treatment is absolutely essential (and maybe, lifesaving) to a patient.

The patient in an altered state of consciousness: Doctors may detain and treat a conscious patient in a confused state of mind arising from disease or injury. This was decided in a case in which a doctor who had a head injury after a road accident refused to enter hospital for observation, saying he was feeling fine, and later died of brain haemorrhage. The court upheld the widow's contention that though he was an expert himself, the doctor was in no position to use sound judgement after the shock of the accident, and directed the hospital to pay damages.

The patient who refuses consent and later becomes unconscious: In such a case, the doctor is free to use his own judgement, under the belief that the ill person would have consented if he knew his condition was progressing towards serious consequences. Thus a Jehovah's Witness (they refuse blood transfusions for religious reasons) may be given blood when unconscious. However, if the patient has insisted that the doctor should do nothing even if he were to die, the doctor is bound to respect his wishes.

The mentally ill: Under the law, when a patient is declared to be of unsound mind, the right to consent for treatment automatically goes to the next-of-kin.

Infectious disease: A patient suffering from disease which is known to be infectious and detrimental to the health of people in the surroundings may be detained and treated against his will in the national interest.

The minor patient: Consent for treatment of minors is obtained from parents or guardians. In an emergency and in the absence of guardians, the doctor may use his judgement and carry out treatment without consulting or even ignoring the minor's refusal. In the general course, a minor with no guardian may be taken into the protective custody of a hospital during the course of an illness.

The medical personnel involved in the treatment of any person against his (or relatives') consent may be faced with criminal charges of illegal detention and assault (if the body is subject even to a minor operation). It would then be up to them to prove their bonafides in court.

M. S. K.

THE SCANDAL

Mayah Balse

"Stagnation," muttered the bored man to himself and looked at his wife. She was busy peeling vegetables and simultaneously reprimanding a grubby, sticky child for upsetting a plate of rice. Yes. Stagnation. That was the word. He considered it a gross waste for a man of his intellectual calibre to languish as a head-clerk when those higher up knew less than he. Stagnation. An ugly word. It made him think of cesspools green with filth and slime.

"Stagnation," he said, a little louder this time. His wife half heard him and pivoted round to inquire absently what he had said, her thin bangled hands paring the insipid potatoes. She always peeled insipid potatoes squatting on her haunches, a square wooden plank beneath her, and jingled her bangles in the same monotonous refrain.

"Eh?" said his wife, thinking he had not heard her. The bored man looked at her in a dazed way. But he was not thinking of her. He was thinking of cesspools and stinging mosquitoes. But he could not tell her that. She would never understand. It might even make her buy a mosquito net.

Soon, he knew, she would finish cooking the insipid vegetables. Then she would call him in that familiar whining way to come and eat them. And he would go and sit cross legged on a similar wooden plank and squeeze the tasteless rice with his pudgy fingers. The sameness of the routine made him think of the cesspool again.

Sometimes they would go out in the evenings. And she would walk by her husband's side, jingling her eternal bangles. She was proud of him. He was a head-clerk in a government office. While that neighbour of hers, Shardabai, her husband was just an ordinary clerk. Lower division at that. The bangles would jingle some more. The bored man and his wife never met on a common frequency. For she thought they were better off than they deserved. And he thought they couldn't be worse.

Home to office. Office to home. That was the routine. Sickening but inevitable. If they went visiting in the evening, it was worse. They would "look up" the same people. Or those people would "look them up." Or look them up and down. It did not matter really. The women would herd together in the kitchen and talk about their kids who made a fuss for their feeds, recited nursery rhymes or developed diarrhoea.

The men? Oh, the men would sit outside, flinging themselves on worn charpois or threadbare mats. They would guffaw wildly at their own hoary jokes and smoke foul smelling bidis. A self-satisfied, mundane lot. How did the day go at the office? The bored man would look at them. They were addressing him. Oh the same. More musty files. And they would laugh. They thought it was a joke and it appealed to their narrow sense of humour. A huge jest. Ha, ha. And Kashinath particularly would roar, showing all his pan-stained teeth. They did not know how tragic it was to Venkat. Yes. That was the bored man's name. And Venkat would sit motionless in his place, the rough mat rubbing him sore. Everything rubbed him sore. Vah, vah. He had a great sense of humour. More laughter. Great humorists never laughed at their own jokes.

Sometimes he longed to shock them, to see their faces droop with astonishment, their eyes bulge from their sockets, and their silly mouths open oyster-like at his words. To the inevitable question he would say, "Oh, nothing much. Only, I killed a peon. Rather small-made too. There was nothing to it. And disposal was no problem either. They have such huge filing cabinets you know. But they can't take me in for it. You see I had no motive. Absolutely none. Besides, I doubt they will find him at all in all that red tape."

But there was never such a bombshell. For one thing it was highly impracticable. The confounded peons were never around when one wanted them. Ha, Ha. That was good.

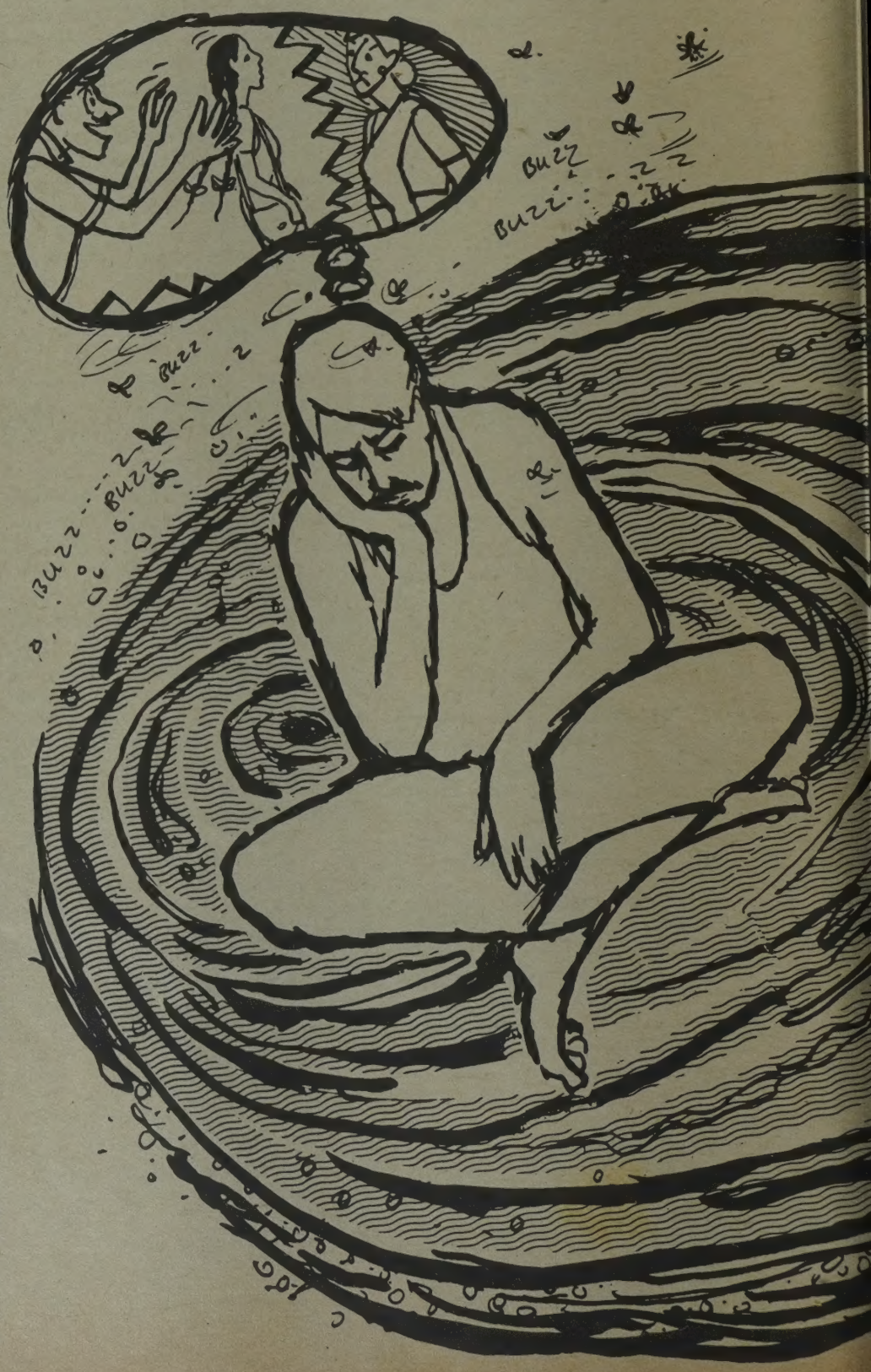
At other times he would contemplate doing something more shocking. Shocking yet feasible. Sex drama had some thrill about it. Yes. He would tail that old Purshotam's daughter. That awful looking girl with pimples and dank, sticky hair that was liberally oiled every day. She was the most sexually unappealing girl he had come across. She worked in some private company quite close to his office. He would follow her one day and scare her. He would leer at her lecherously. That would frighten her out of her wits. Then he would try to hold her hand. Or edge up to her and put an arm round her waist. He shuddered at the thought but he steeled himself to attempt it.

She would probably scream at this corpulent Romeo who was accosting her. She would report the matter home immediately and old Purshotam would potter over next morning and accuse him of having evil designs on his daughter. And inquisitive neighbours would cluster round, drawn by the scent of scandal, suddenly seeing the staid government head-clerk in a new light.

Or perhaps Purshotam would call the police. Yes. That would be better still. Arre, that man is dangerous. He is a sex maniac. What he has done once, he may do again. Better lock him up. Purshotam would be worried. A good friend of so many years standing? But what he was doing he had to do for the good of society. Patriotic Purshotam. Good alliteration. "Patriotic Purshotam sets police on pervert." Even better. More dramatic. Uniformed and gleaming with sweat, they would troop up and arrest him. Would he come quietly? No, of course not. He would make a noise. The better to attract attention.

His wife? He wondered what she would do when they led him away? Would she beat her breasts and wail like they did in Indian movies? And burst into song? No, she wouldn't. She had an awful voice. Or maybe she would just stand and stare at him, deprived of her usually generous power of speech by the shocking accusation. Perhaps she would refuse to believe it. Yes, that was more likely. What utter nonsense! Her husband would never do such a thing. It was unbelievable.

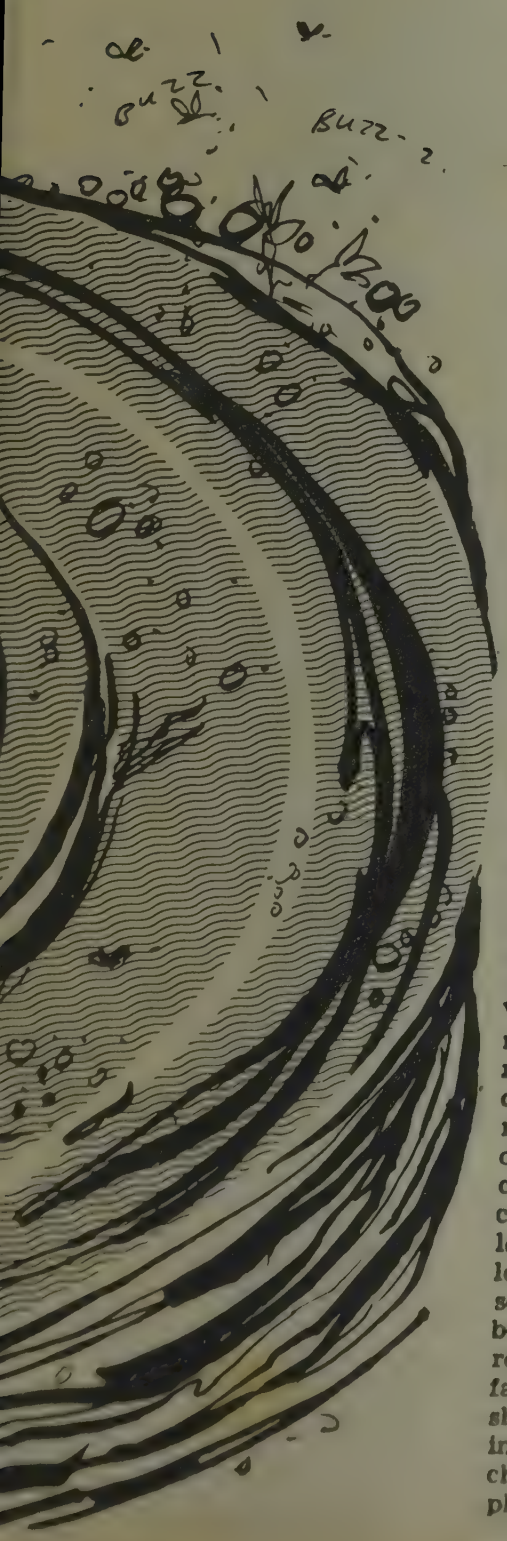
There must be some mistake. The poor girl must be going nuts. Yes. That was the only explanation. That is what happened when you kept young girls unmarried for too long. Higher education? Ha! And now sending them to work. It made them looney, this being left on the loose. And being thrown in contact with men all the time made it worse. It was disgraceful.



What was this generation coming to? Why, in her village they disposed of all girls before they were fourteen or fifteen at the most.

Disposed of, was good. Gave the impression of being bundled into sacks and thrown into the sea. "Yes," his wife would say. "Before they could get any funny ideas they had settled down. Settled down to sober lives." (Settled down, was even better. It conveyed the correct image. Of settling down like sediment. And ultimately stagnating.)

Where was he? Or rather where was his wife? Yes. Here one found tall, hulking females of twenty-five and thirty still at large. Disgraceful. This was responsible for all manner of scandals. Why, only last week that Mavrikrishna's second daughter ran away with some good-for-nothing scoundrel. Love, they call it. Pooh. Do they think they can get away with it just be-



Sick of his stagnant life, even the fat, pimply girl next door seemed worth pursuing to Venkat, but then she had other ideas

cause they give it some fancy name? Do you know what I think? It is these mushy romantic movies that are giving them all these ideas. Would such shameless things have happened in my time? In my village? Never. First Mavrikrishna's daughter eloping and now your daughter accusing my husband. . . Really, this generation was going to the dogs. She would glower at Purshotam.

No, Venkat decided. Nothing would shatter her smugness. But he would make a blunt statement and prick that righteous indignation like a soap bubble. Then watch his wife's face as she quailed under the blow. "Yes, I did it. You see, I am in love with her." Neighbouring doors would gape open, stealthily at first, then more brazenly and the inmates of the adjacent flats would come and crowd near the door, their huddled bodies crushing each other for a glimpse of the drama. And their future evenings would be assured of juicy bits of malicious gossip. Have you heard the latest? Yes. Yes. About Venkat. I would never have believed it. Such a serious type he looked, while all the time. . . And Venkat would be the centre of attention. The talk of the town.

Then no more would his wife's bangles jingle proudly as she walked beside him. Yes, he would definitely do it. But he needed a little time. He had to observe Purshotam's daughter every day to see which route she took. Then he could plan his movements accordingly. So Venkat stood by his window each morning and watched the dusty road below. Above him the branches of an over-hanging tree rattled angrily on the roof. The opposite sidewalk lay half in cool shadow and half in the cruel sun, consigned to its helpless double existence by a long low wall that ran parallel to it, screening the miserable hovels behind. And she passed that way religiously each morning with a fantastic purse slung across her shoulder, her oily plaits swinging like pendulums, her staid chappals slapping the schizophrenic pavement.

Yes, there she was now, a nylon saree pulled round her shapeless form, her well-oiled plaits swinging rhythmically. Venkat gazed at her departing figure with a contented smile. She did not excite him at all. In fact she roused no feelings in him. No steady love, no flaming passion, no violent hate. Nothing. Yet he could not help experiencing a rare kind of thrill. The very absence of emotion made it something unique.

And so as to build it up gradually, he practised giving a guilty start when his wife caught him standing at the window. Or rather what he thought looked like a guilty start. But it was completely lost on his wife. Or, if she saw him, she attributed it to a shiver caused by a gust of wind; and immediately fetched his pullover, or his muffler or both. And he was constrained to go to office that day as if equipped to climb Mount Everest. There was a chill in the air. It might get colder. Best to be well-prepared. He might catch a cold. He always did when the weather changed. . .

A long time passed in breathless anticipation. He began to get impatient. He had to do something soon. He decided to carry out his plan the next day. But it would never do to go as he was. Not that he was afraid of detection. On the contrary, the whole purpose of his plan would be lost if he got by unrecognised. But he had to feel different. Look different. He was not the same sedate Parmeshwar Venkat, B.A. He was a gay man-about-town. A wolf from whom no girl was safe.

For a long stretch, he practised entering his new identity, toying with his fresh personality, groping around this strange self to know it better. And he relished the furtive possibilities of this new being, like one exploring a thousand delightful flavours, strange indeed to the tongue but infinitely pleasing to the palate.

He had almost begun to feel like a cunning and lecherous old roue. To complete the unique masquerade he went to a crowded shop after office one evening and bought a hideously gaudy bush-shirt.

A diffident salesman stared at him as he made his choice. Was it for him, Sir? Yes. Most decidedly it was for him. Well, could he venture to suggest? What he meant was.. . could he recommend some. . . er. . . They had plenty of new raw stock...Just arrived, Sir. . . All pastel shades — beige, cream, pale blue... If he could venture to suggest?

Certainly not. He could not venture. He would do nothing of the sort. Venkat knew exactly what he wanted. And he bought it. The astounded salesman eyed the orange and purple bush-shirt dubiously.

The shop attendant departed, smirking audibly at this manifestation of eccentricity. And a moment later Venkat emerged from the shop with the precious parcel under his arm. He laughed loudly, amused at the shocked expression on the salesman's face. Now there were more people to shock. The stage was all set for tomorrow.

The next morning Venkat was unusually jumpy. He had to smuggle out the new bush-shirt so that he could wear it in the evening when he returned from the office. He would change his identity there, after everyone had left. Then he would walk to the station by the route Purshotam's daughter generally took. She always worked till late in office. He wondered what her immediate reaction would be. Would she scream?

"Do you know Purshotam's daughter?" asked his wife suddenly, "The one who works in that private firm near your office. The girl with all those pimples on her face?"

Venkat gave a guilty start, a genuine one this time. It seemed to him that by some queer twist of fate his thought processes had become visible. It was uncanny. What peculiar intuitive power did women have?

"I have seen her," said Venkat non-commitally, wondering how much his wife knew. "It is most shocking," continued his wife. She had finished with breakfast and settled down to her usual task of peeling vegetables. Her bangles jingled. "It seems she has run away with a Goan waiter. He worked in the restaurant where she always had her lunch. They've run away together. . . with all her mother's jewels too. Rotten, I call it. Poor Purshotam to have such a disgraceful daughter! Her mother is crying all the time. She wanted to see her daughter married to a man from her own community and settled down comfortably."

"Stagnated," said Venkat to himself. His wife was garrulous about the choice bit of scandal and did not hear him. "First it was Mavrikrishna's girl," she continued, "and now it's Purshotam's daughter. Really, the younger generation is going to the dogs. When I see such shocking instances around me, it makes me really thankful for ourselves. By the grace of the good God, we are such a normal, happy family. . . No foul thoughts or deeds to mar our even lives." Here she patted both her cheeks softly and cracked the knuckles of both hands against her brown temples.

But Venkat was in his own world again. The mosquitoes were humming over the slimy, stagnant cesspool of his life and he would have to remain there. He sighed and wondered about the best way to get rid of that bush-shirt.

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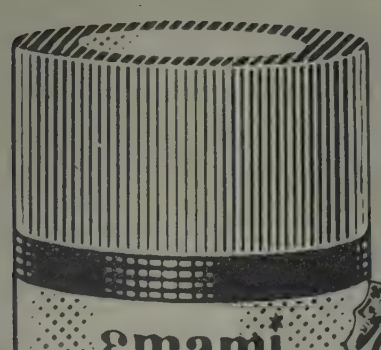

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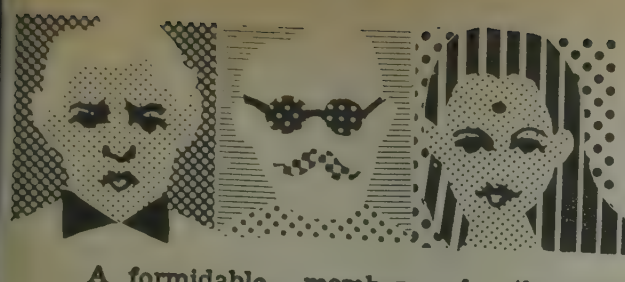
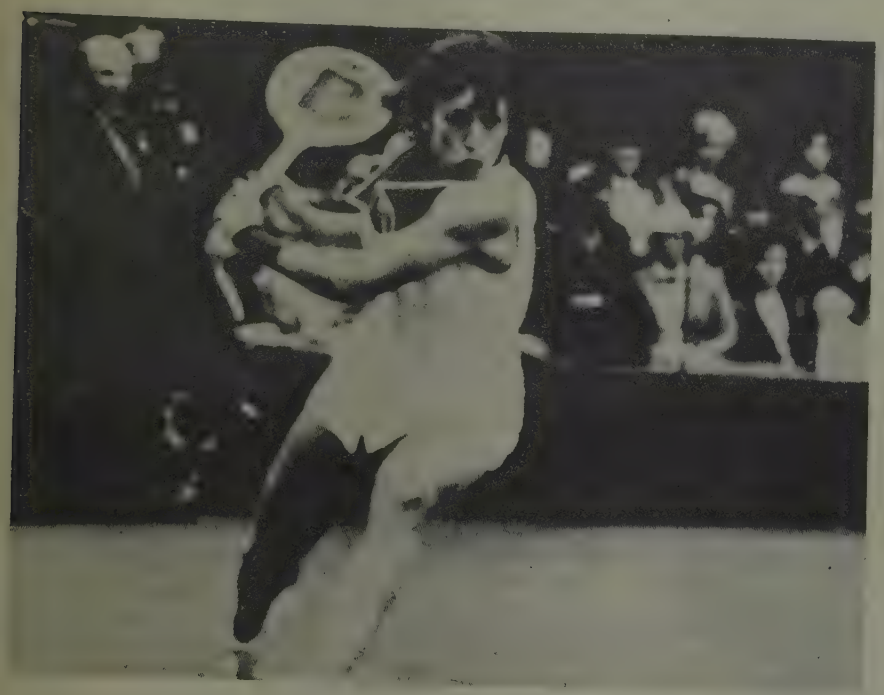


people known

A formidable member of ex-champions were arrayed against the stateless 22-year-old **Martina Navratilova** who had never even reached the semi-finals of the world's most prestigious tennis event the next best thing. As Czech T.V. irgnored the event, they drove to a town near the German border and shared the thrills of the one hour and 45 minutes battle their daughter fought and won.



— the Wimbledon. There were reigning champion Virginia Wade of Britain, America's Billie Jean King — 19 times champion out to achieve her 20th, Australia's Evonne Goolagong-Cawley, 1971 champion and always a potential winner, counted among the five best women players of the world and, most formidable of all, top seeded Chris Evert of the U.S. twice Wimbledon champion, who had defeated her 6-4, 6-2 in the Colgate championships only a few months ago.

Yet Martina beat all these seasoned champions to reach the finals and made the unflappable Chris Evert, called "Little Miss Icicle" for her total lack of nerves during a match, crack under her relentless pressure to win the Wimbledon Singles crown 2-6, 6-4, 7-5.

And Chris proved a magnificent loser. She smiled and hugged the winner, saying, "She's tougher than I am. . . She played her best when she got behind. . ."

Born in Prague, Martina defected to the U.S. three years ago and she is still awaiting naturalisation as a U.S. citizen. Her parents are in Czechoslovakia having been refused permission to join their daughter. They were even refused permission to go to England to watch Martina playing. But they did

Scalpers were selling the 4.80 pounds tickets for the Wimbledon men's finals for a hefty 100 pounds sterling on the morning of the finals, yet the game proved a tame affair with the blonde, bearded top seeded Swede, Bjorn Borg, crushing his American rival, second seeded 1974 champion Jimmy Connors, 6-2, 6-2, 6-3 and achieving the hat trick of winning the Wimbledon championship for the third year in succession — a feat achieved in the annals of the game only by the legendary Fred Perry of England over 40 years ago.

* * *

It was in December 1971 that Mr. Prabhat Ranjan Sarkar, Ananda Murti to his fanatic followers all over the world, was arrested with four of his lieutenants for the murder of six Ananda Margis who had felt that their Murti had feet of clay and defected from the Marg. His own wife too had joined the dissidents, but mercifully she was not one of the victims of his cosmic rage.

A division bench of the Patna High Court upset on appeal the orders of the Sessions Court convicting all the five of criminal conspiracy and murder, on the ground that the approver Madhavanand, was an unreliable witness. The High Court accordingly ordered that "the appellants be set at liberty forthwith," but it will take some time for Mr. Sarkar to savour the ananda of freedom as he is accused of four other crimes, the most important of them being what is called the "Ra4nchi bomb case."

Once just an obscure accounts clerk in the railway workshop at Jamalpur in Bihar, where he was born on April 1, 1923, he started his bizarre amalgam of terror, mysticism and spiritual ecstasy in 1954.

* * *

There is a lot of shaking of grey heads over what is called "student unrest" and "student indiscipline." But before condemning students for the eruptions of violence in University campuses, they should ponder over the reports like the one submitted by Mr. B. Venkataswami, a former High Court judge, who was asked to investigate 35 (no less) charges levelled against the Mysore University administration.

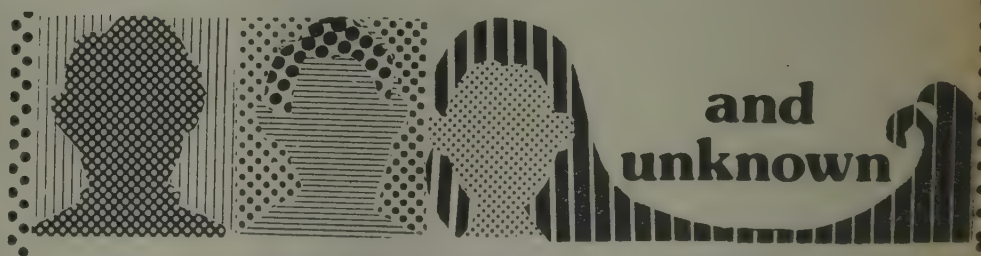
He found that while Mr. D. V. Urs, Vice-Chancellor, had spent Rs. 1.22 lakhs on renovating his bungalow with one wall-to-wall carpet costing Rs. 32,000, the door of the W.C. of the waiting room of a women's hostel had a large hole which denied privacy to the girls using it. And this in spite of the grant of Rs. 12.9 lakhs sanctioned by the U.G.C. for construction work.

Of the 6000 students, hostel accommodation is available for only, 1,100 and 150 scheduled caste students are segregated in a hostel whose bathroom and lavatories are "in a hopeless condition." They have not had a hot water bath in two years because all the geysers are out of order.

These may be what Ogden Nash calls "sins of omission." Among the sins of commission are the defalcations — one amounting to Rs. 1.8 lakhs and another of Rs. 80,000.

Meanwhile, the official involved in the first case continues in service while a departmental inquiry is making its slow, majestic progress, and Mr. A. K. Urs, the official accused of the second defalcation, is under suspension (believe it or not) for three years! And he has been drawing a "subsistence" allowance of 50 to 90 per cent of his salary during this period.

Why wouldn't any self-respecting student chuck at least a stone or two?



and unknown

Today, Mrs. Lesley Brown is unknown to the world, but by the time this appears in print she may have made medical history and achieved immortality in medical text-books of the future. She will be the mother of the first test tube baby of which the world has heard so much but never seen one because, every time the host womb has rejected the fertilised egg within a few weeks.

In Mrs. Brown's case the egg has held on till now and, if all goes well, the world will see its first test tube baby.

She is the 32-year-old wife of a British railway worker who have had no issue in the nine years of their married life, because of a fault in her fallopian tubes. So they went to a specialist who fertilised Mrs Brown's ovum with Mr. Brown's sperm in a test tube of complicated design, which contained a culture medium. After four days he transferred the fertilised ovum to Mrs. Brown's uterus and it has been retained.

Meanwhile, the usual moral controversy is going on, some holding that man has no business interfering in the process of life and others insisting that there is nothing wrong in a doctor using the resources of science to make a childless couple happy. The Central Ethical Committee held the latter view. "Used responsibly, the technique offers no ethical difficulties for doctors," its secretary, Dr. John Dawson, said.

Compiled by K. S. Rao

The Shadow

Why was she so different from her siblings? Why was she excluded from the fun and games they enjoyed?

Shashi Deshpande

FOR a long time now she had known that she was different. The knowledge had seeped into her slowly, gradually, until she was full of it. It weighed on her like a burden, making her movements awkward and heavy. They had none of the unselfconscious freedom of a child's. There was, too, something wraithlike about her. When she moved she was silent and gray like a shadow. She had lived in a silence and solitariness for so long that it seemed to be the only way of living. But now, the doubts within her had begun finding shape and form as questions she flung at her mother, sometimes at her brother and sister. But never at him . . . her father. Why can't I? Why must I? And the question that recurred most often was the one she asked herself. . . Why am I different?

It was, she somehow knew, not only that she looked different from her brother and sister. . . that she was small and fine-boned and dark, while they were large and fair and healthy-looking like him. No, it was not just that. It was something else, something she just could not get hold of.

"Why can't I go to the same school as they?" she asked her mother.

"It's too far away."

"But they go by bus. . ."

"You'll get tired sitting in the bus for so long. You know you're much smaller than them."

"I promise I won't be tired. I promise."

As she persisted, the familiar look of bewildered grief appeared on her mother's face. Only, she could not identify it as grief. All that she knew was that the look was associated with her; that it was only she who could make her mother look that way. It made her feel ashamed of herself. And guilty. She almost relented. But she couldn't. She had to know. If she didn't persist, they would never tell her. She would ask again and again and yet again until they told her.

School. . . she dreamt of it often. Not her school, which she knew was, in some way, inferior to the one the other two went to. Their uniforms, their shoes, the things they learnt and did, their brown paper covered books. . . all these carried an aura of superiority about them. She listened to stories of their school, their teachers, their lessons, the things they did, with a greedy mind, absorbing everything like a sponge, so that she could pretend to herself. Dream of going to just another such school. No, the same one. Of having a uniform like them. And shoes. And a red leather satchel that she could carry on her back, instead of the cloth bag she carried slung over one shoulder. She dreamt of it all with such passion that it became more real to her than her own school, which receded and became insubstantial and shadowy like a dream.

There was the dancing class her sister went to. On class days she waited impatiently for her to return. The minute she was home, she would ask, "Show me what you learnt today."

"Oh, don't start the minute I come home. I'm tired."

"Show me once. Only once."

"No, I'm tired. Don't be a pest. Go away."

It was no use being importunate. But sometimes, very rarely, if her sister was in a good mood, she would dance a few steps for her. And then she watched with a passionate intensity, absorbing the gestures into herself. The hands like this, the feet like that, the neck this way and the eyes that way. And when it was over, she called out impetuously, "Oh, that was beautiful!"

And the sister, mellowed by such overwhelming praise, smiled and said, "Come on, I'll show you how to do it."

It was just once or twice, and it was just those few steps and gestures. But she did those movements over and over again, as if by learning them she would move into the world her sister lived in; a world where you were free and welcome and loved.

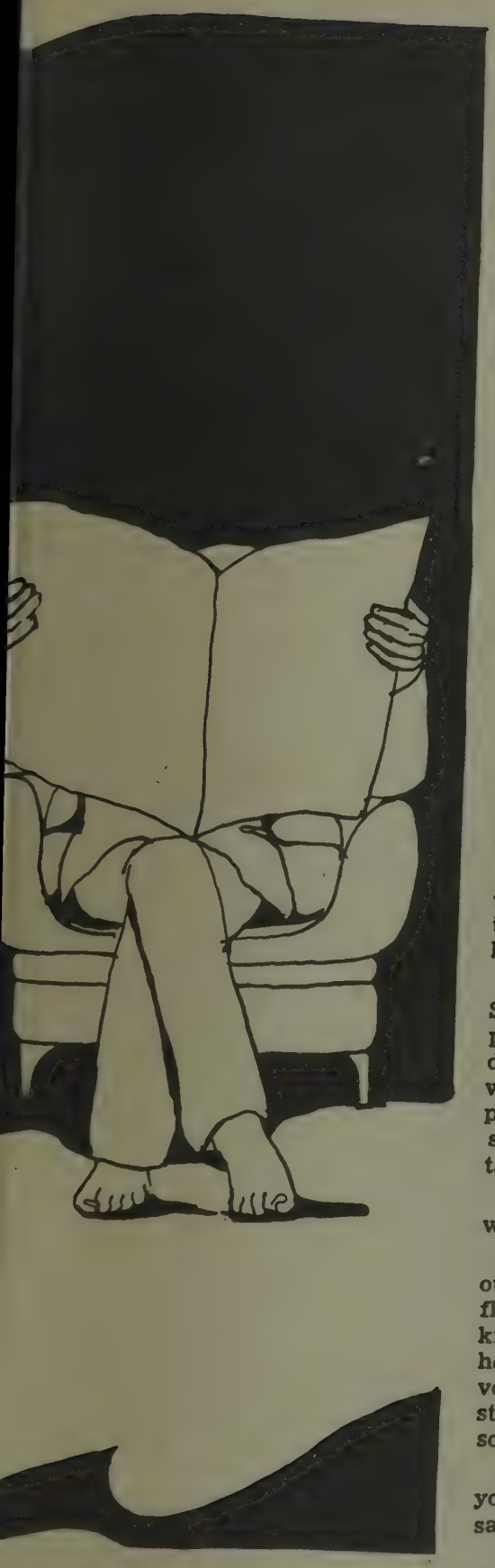
One day, as she was practising secretly by herself, her mother entered.

"Oh!" she said. Just that. "Oh!", and no more.

And that look on her face. She knew at once that it had hurt her mother to see her dancing. She stopped abruptly, coming painfully out of a rapturous self-absorption.

"I'm sorry, mother. I'm sorry."

The shadow, which the dancing had banished for a while, was back with her. The dark shadow of a nebulous wrongdoing. She did not even know whose wrong it was. Maybe hers, for otherwise why did she feel impelled to say to her mother so often, "I'm sorry?"



"I'm sorry," she repeated.

The mother still stood there, rigid as a statue.

"I won't do it again. I promise you I won't."

She wondered that her mother rushed out at that without a word. I have made her angry again, she thought in desolation. But no, it could not be so, for soon after, her mother called her into the kitchen and chatted with her as she worked and gave her tidbits to munch as she fried. That was happiness. But it wasn't real. Because, what did her mother matter? She knew it was he who mattered. And he...

That night she heard them again, her parents talking. She had no room of her own. She slept in the small verandah off her parents' bedroom, and through the window their voices came clearly. She woke out of her sleep yet once again to the angry, incomprehensible sounds.

"It's cruel," she heard her mother say. And a sound that frightened her. It sounded like a sob. "You're cruel."

"Cruel? I? I have forgiven you. How many men would do that?"

"Forgiven me?"

No, that could not have been a sob because now her mother was laughing. But could you call that a laugh? It sounded very much like crying. There was very little difference between the two.

"You know whose fault it is," the father said.

Whose fault? Whose?

"Not hers anyway. Why punish her? Isn't it enough that you punish me?"

Punish her? Punish my mother? How does he do that?

"What about me?"

The father's words now somehow had the quality of fierce, clawing little animals.

"Isn't it a punishment for me to see her face? Each time I see it, I am reminded of my own dishonour."

Dishonour. Fault. Punishment. Strange words loaded with impossible meanings. Trying to understand, to find the meaning, was like trying to visualise shapes and sounds she had never seen. She could connect them to nothing.

"If I have dishonoured you, why don't you kill me?"

No, no. No. She almost sprang out of bed, expecting to see him flourishing a sharp, shining knife, which he would push into her, her mother. But her father's voice, now cold and composed, stopped her. He did not even sound angry. Just bored.

"Don't be hysterical. You know you agreed to all this...for the sake of the children."

"Yes, your children. What about her?"

What about her? That's me? But that means...that means...

"My children? Are they not yours as well?"

"Yes, mine too. But this child...she's innocent. And I...I could have lied to you, couldn't I?"

"Lied? How could you have? When she looks just like...No, don't make a virtue of that. And that's enough of this. Go to bed. I don't want to talk about it any more."

Now his voice was angry. The puzzle became more intricate, the maze more complicated. Her mind couldn't find a way out of it. She was lost, and struggling to get out, she fell asleep.

But she was constantly on the watch now. She would listen, she would watch. And sometime, someone would let it out. And she would know what was wrong and put it right. And then....she would become like the others.

But all her watchfulness, all her eagerness, brought her nothing but the fact of her difference. Like when they began to go for swimming, her brother and sister. She found it out only on the morning they began. She woke up light and buoyant...to a child each morning is a fresh beginning...and found her brother dressed.

"Where are you going?"

"Swimming."

"Swimming?"

"Papa's going to teach us how to swim."

"I'm coming, too."

She jumped up, frantic she would be left behind. Her brother, towel casually slung over his shoulder, stopped at the door and looked back.

"You!" he said, and there was something very like pity in his eyes. "Catch Papa taking you!"

She watched the three of them setting out, the sister holding the father's hand, all of them talking with animation. Why am I always excluded? Why am I always left out? Why?

She went down to her mother in the kitchen.

"Why didn't they take me? Why can't I swim? I want to learn swimming, too."

"Oh, don't start that now," her mother exclaimed irritably.

"You were sleeping, that's why."

"Can I go next time? Can I? I'll wake up early. As early as you want. Can I?"

The mother's face had a trapped look.

"I don't know. We'll see."

We'll see. That means nothing. And anyway, it doesn't depend on her. Nothing depends on her, She's not important. Child though she was, she knew her struggle was with him. That afternoon she took her courage in her hands and approached her father. It was a holiday and he sat relaxed in an armchair, reading the newspaper with concentration.

"Papa," she said, standing before him resolutely.

He didn't reply.

"Papa," she said again, and loudly, as if speaking to a deaf man.

He looked up in surprise.

"I want to go swimming."

Her heart was thudding madly, her voice quavering, but her eyes were steady, her chin determined.

"You can't." His eyes had gone back to his newspaper.

"Why can't I? Tell me why."

It was as if all the whys that had been gathering inside her since her birth had exploded into one large one that could not be left unanswered.

A look of distaste crossed his face, but he replied.

"I can't manage three children."

"I can manage myself."

"No, you can't. Not till you learn swimming."

"But how will I learn if you never teach me?"

"Don't try to talk smart."

His face frightened her, but she stood her ground. She could not give up now.

"I want to learn," she said and it surprised her that her voice came out so thin and quavery.

"That's enough. Stop that nonsense."

His voice was cold. It was like having an ice cube pushed down the back of her dress. At any other time it would have scared her into a terrified, submissive silence. Now, it shattered all her composed resolution. She could do nothing. She could not move him. She would never be like the others.

"I want to go. I want to go. I want to go," she began to scream, unable to control herself. She went on repeating the words in the midst of her tumultous sobs, while the other two children stared at her aghast, astonished by her behaviour.

The mother rushed in saying, "What is it? What's the matter? What's going on?"

As she saw the man and the child confronting each other like two antagonists, there was a flash of gladness on her face, a brief flicker of joy that turned swiftly to dismay, then anger.

The father retreated behind his paper and said, dully and indifferently, "Deal with her yourself. You can see she's hysterical."

"What are you doing here?" The mother's voice was sharp and high. "Weren't you told to keep out of the way? Go to your room."

The child seemed to shrivel up at the words. She stared at her mother's face in consternation.

"Go, child. Go."

Even then she could not move. And then the doorbell rang.

"Take her away," said the voice from behind the paper. The mother whirled upon her with a look that terrified her. She held her by the shoulders and pushed her out of the room. Still, something in her resisted, so that the mother had to drag her. They were both sweating when they reached her room.

"Don't do that again," her mother said, putting her sari to her face to wipe away her tears. "Dont ever do it again."

THE SHADOW

As the sari came away, the child saw that the mother's face was wet again. She was crying. It meant nothing to her. She was too full of her own terror to take in anything else. For long after that, the sound of the doorbell drove her to her bed where she lay whimpering, burrowing her face desperately in the pillow.

That night she heard her mother saying, "I can't go on."

"What do you want me to do? You made your bed. Now you have to lie on it."

"I'll lie on a bed of nails all my life. But she...that child. I can't bear to see her. Have you no pity? What wrong has she done?"

"She was born, wasn't she?"

She was born. I was born. She said the words to herself, her lips moving in the dark. Why, when he said the words, did it sound as if she had done something terrible?

"Born? She didn't ask to be born, did she? The fault is mine. I admit it. But, oh God, haven't I paid for it? One moment of weakness and you want to punish me for it all my life? And — an innocent child as well? Just because she was born?"

I don't understand, I can't understand, she thought in despair. I was born. How can that be a wrong? And how can I put it right?

And then one day, she thought she had found the way. Her brother had brought home his report card and stood in front of the father doggedly silent, shame-faced, while his father went over it subject by subject. After he had finished...and I wish he would scold me like that, he never does, he doesn't even look at my report card... he gave back the card saying, "You've got to do better next time. I know you can do it. Try. Think of how much you'll please me by doing well."

As she heard the words, her heart leapt with happiness. She had found the way. I will do well. He will be pleased with me. And then...

We will go swimming, and I will hold his hand like my sister does. He will play cards with me. He will carry me pickaback. Take me with him on the motorbike.

She felt breathless and giddy with the excitement of her visions.

She worked hard now. There were no limits to her patience, her desire to excel. She even wondered, hesitantly, whether she should pray to God. But, could she make demands on Him? Perhaps He too would say, "That's enough now." Maybe He would be as shocked by her prayers as her father had been by her importunities. No, safer to leave God out of it.

And then, she got her report. She ran home with it, holding it in her hand, her face overflowing with joy.

"Papa," she screamed, calling out as she had never done. "Papa, I got my report. I came third. I came third."

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"That's very good. Now go and tell your mother. And don't behave in that stupid way again."

She dragged herself into the house, feeling heavy and dull. She had a pain in her legs as if she had run too far, too fast.

"What is it?" the mother asked.

"My report."

"Have you done well?"

"I came third."

"Why, that's wonderful! Let me see."

As she ran in, he raised his head and looked at her. She had the sensation of running against a blank wall. A wall of stones, not bricks. His face looked at her without expression. Her steps faltered. Her hand holding out the report card fell to her side. Her face became devoid of all expression, the joy flowing out of it, as if she was a mirror, reflecting the blank face of the man in front of her.

"What is it?" he asked her, after a dreadful pause.

"I came third."

"Do you have to run wild because of that? And look at your hands. Filthy. Third?" He barely glanced at the report.

The expression she had longed to see, the response she had so desired, confronted her now. But it didn't matter any more. She was full of hatred and anger.

Her mother saw her face and asked. "What is it, child?

"Aren't you pleased? Is anything wrong?"

Her lips moved. But no sound came out of them. It was to herself that she was saying...Whatever they say, I was born. And I am. I am.

For a moment, before desolation flowed back, the words filled her like a triumphant, resounding cry.

TABLE TALK

Did you know that grapefruits have been popular in Britain for less than 50 years? They were almost unknown here until about 1920, although they have been eaten in the U. S. A. since 1895. In America, there is much greater originality in the serving of grapefruit than with us. For instance, instead of the usual glace cherry on the top, grapefruit in America may be served with an appetising variety of dressings. These include honey or maple syrup instead of sugar, ground ginger, nutmeg, sherry, madeira, rum, creme-de-menthe and other cordials. Or after sweetening, the fruity flavour may be accentuated with mint leaves stuck into the top.

Grapefruit can also be cooked, though excessive cooking adds little or nothing to either sweetness or flavour.

For a change, however, halve a grapefruit, sprinkle the top surfaces with brown sugar and spices like cinnamon and nutmeg, then carefully grill it until the top is a golden brown. Of course, heating the uncut fruit very slightly in the oven improves the overall flavour and makes the juice flow more readily, though at the final serving grapefruit should always be chilled.

Did you know that Nicholas Culpeper, the seventeenth century herbalist and sage, enthusiastically advocated the eating of watercress by women who want a good complexion?

"Chop and boil it in the broth of meat and eat for a month together, morning, noon, and night," he said, adding, "Those who fancy not potage may eat the herb as a salad."

Gypsies still swear by fresh watercress for banishing headaches, curing hangovers, and general well-being, and they seldom pass watercress-beds without helping themselves to the crisp stalks.

The iron content of watercress is well known, which probably accounts for the rosy cheeks, but cress is also richer in vitamins and other minerals than most other herbs or vegetables, and if eaten regularly is mildly laxative.

Watercress soup, popular in France, is the hardest of all soups to can satisfactorily without change or loss of flavour; it is best made with chicken stock. Well chopped watercress makes a lovely omelette filling, especially if a tiny dash of mustard is added to the eggs before cooking.

David Gunston

HUMAN INTEREST STORY

AN EYE FOR BEAUTY

As told to Shailaja Ganguly

If I had expected her voice to carry traces of her struggle to surmount the cruel physical handicap thrust upon her, I was in for a pleasant surprise — for Gauri Zaveri sounded cheerful and confident as she briskly made an appointment and bid a charming goodbye.

Again it was she who answered my doorbell, friendliness and a frank pleasure tumbling out of an eager, smiling face. The room I entered was punctuated at every step with signs of her artistry — a red-and-gold wallhanging of Lord Ganesa, delicately embroidered cushion-covers and T.V.-drape, ornamental picture-frames capturing scenic beauties or dazzling bouquets of multi-hued blooms — every article a captivating proof of a bubbling talent itching for aesthetic expression, so that it was almost by accident that one noticed the slightly offbeat gait, or the perceptible difficulty in co-ordination of movement, that Gauri has lived with for a brave 22 years. Undoubtedly, the swim upstream has been long and arduous — and the grim tale trickled out as mother and daughter shared with me their bitter moments of helplessness and finally the sweet taste of success

Little Gauri was a tender two when it was discovered that she suffered from a heart enlargement (which results in relative stagnation of blood in the heart region thus increasing the likelihood of clot formation). As feared, "embolism" (which is predisposed to certain conditions like valvular diseases) resulted. Embolism, in simple terminology, is a blood-clot formation that gets detached from the heart and starts moving. Due to the basic heart condition Gauri also fell prey to viral infection. It was unfortunate that the disastrous clot found its way to the brain and damaged one portion of it paralysing the entire left side of poor Gauri's body. Its immediate consequences was that for six months Gauri lay chained to the bed, and stoically bore the partial paralysis for another two and a half years before rigorous treatment began. Then came the gruelling ten years of physiotherapy and occupational therapy and slowly the lifeless limbs were schooled to obey Gauri

Continued on page 19

Gauri Zaveri.

LEFT: Glittering torans and a wall decoration and a beautifully hand-embroidered skirt — all well executed.

TOP: Key-chains and multipurpose containers done with sequins in rainbow colours.

Photographs: Farokh Reporter

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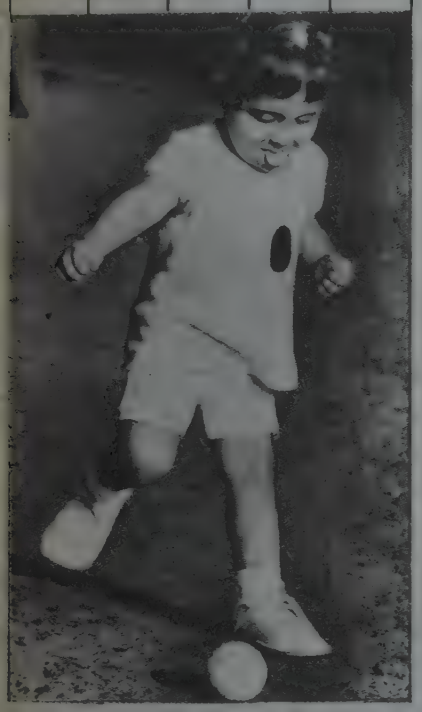

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AN EYE FOR BEAUTY

"When she was ten," Mrs. Zaveri recalls, "Gauri underwent a muscle transplantation on her left arm so that she would be able to turn her hand fully, but unluckily it was not successful. Besides, at this stage, due to the brain damage, she also developed epilepsy; as it grew we were forced to withdraw her from Queen Mary's," which must have definitely been a difficult decision because Gauri had already passed the 10th standard. Her special interests even at that time were "needlework, handicrafts, music and languages."

Gauri was then put in a part-time school for the handicapped run by the Maharashtra State Women's Council, but "we removed her because the school had a greater percentage of mentally retarded pupils and the strain of being with them began to tell on her."

For a time Gauri became a very withdrawn person. She would mix only with very young children feeling secure in their trust and in her own ability to handle them. She shied away from companions of her own age, afraid of awkward questions that would stress the fact that she was "different."

At this crossroad Mrs. Zaveri was instrumental in preventing her daughter from developing a psychological handicap to add to the physical distress. True, she claims, "I've not helped my Gauri much. She has always been a very stubborn child. All that she has achieved has been on her own initiative," reminding me of what Dr. Bernard Bragg, the brave deaf-mute American actor, recently said. When asked at what moments he felt his disadvantage most acutely, Dr. Bragg replied, "When others fail to understand! That is my biggest handicap!"

My point of course is that Mrs. Zaveri has understood Gauri's wilful, independent nature and, instead of dominating and thus antagonising her into further withdrawal, she has underplayed her own role in drawing out the latent talent, fostering it, directing it into a productive channel and, most important of all, never for a moment making Gauri feel that she is in any way an incomplete individual.

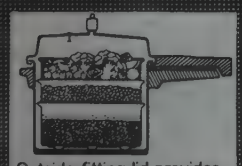
Gauri learnt to make handicrafts from a private tutor who taught her to make "torans" or decorative door hangings, keychains from pingpong balls, painted or embroidered picture-frames, bags and baskets of different materials, etc. Gauri has also learnt light classical music for the last ten years. "I don't like anyone to help me; I can bathe, dress, cut vegetables and even make pooris!" she insists happily. Besides, this industrious girl can even type accurately with one hand and would "love to do a secretarial job some day!"

Displays of her work are held annually at the Bhagini Samaj sale where her articles have sold well. In September she will exhibit her handicrafts at the Institute of Physical Medicine and Rehabilitation, Haji Ali, Bombay. She is also planning to participate in their music contest. "I have already embroidered 16 picture frames and have currently got an order to make 25 keychains," she claims. Gauri also has regular customers for her torans which are a virtual must in the decor of most Indian households. Last year, a picturesque flower bunch embroidered on a deep blue background made Gauri the proud winner of the consolation prize in the "Modithread" contest. She giggled when she said that the prize was a Rs. 100 worth of icecream!

Some time back Gauri was one of the lucky few to be operated upon by visiting neurosurgeon Dr. Leitiner at Jaslok. An attempt was made to locate the damaged portion of the brain and cauterize it. "That," says Mrs. Zaveri, "helped her a little." But the epileptic fits continue to torment her whenever she is a little depressed, a little angry or even too happy. . . and yet. . .

For several hours a day Gauri's nimble fingers fight off their physical stiffness and fashion piles of fragile stitches on dresses, sarees and furnishings, quaint flower vases out of shampoo bottles, attractive bags out of multicoloured plastic tubing, car-dollies — in short, things of beauty designed to please. All the colour combinations and designs are her own. When she is not working, Gauri prays ("Lord Krishna is my favourite"), listens to taped music and sings, or baby-sits ("I love children so much") and dreams of holding solo shows here and abroad. At the moment her only regret is "There is so much to do and so little time to do it in!"

8 reasons why...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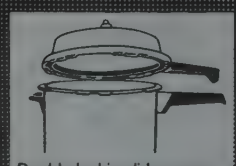
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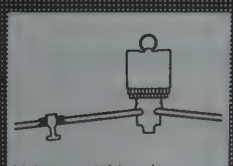
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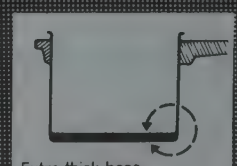
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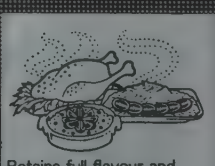
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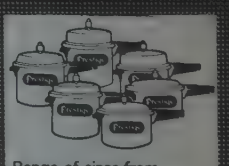
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THE LITTLE WOMAN

by Don Tobin

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NOT THE NATIONAL POLL?
I AM SO THRILLED! I NEVER DREAMED YOU'D EVER CALL ON ME!
IMAGINE - THE NATIONAL POLL WANTS MY OPINION! I CAN'T BELIEVE IT!
AFTER ALL THESE YEARS I FINALLY HAVE THE OPPORTUNITY TO HAVE MY VOICE HEARD!!
WHAT DO YOU WANT TO KNOW?
5-21
DO YOU THINK OUR NUCLEAR PROLIFERATION POLICY WILL HAVE AN ADVERSE AFFECT ON THE BALANCE OF POWER IN THE MIDDLE EAST?
?
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GULP I DON'T HAVE ANY OPINION -

L. WOMAN

HA HA world of laughter

A man went to see his bank manager, to ask for a loan. After he had taken particulars, the bank manager said: "By rights I should refuse your request, but I will give you a sporting chance. Now, one of my eyes is made of glass. If you can tell me which one it is, I will grant you the loan."

The customer looked at the other intently for a few moments and then said: "It's your right eye."

"That's correct," said the bank manager. "How did you guess?"

"Well," replied the customer. "It appeared to be more sympathetic."

* * *

A railway foreman had to make a report about a cow which had been killed by a passing train, but was stumped when he came to the part, "Disposition of carcass."

After much head scratching, he wrote: "Kind and gentle."

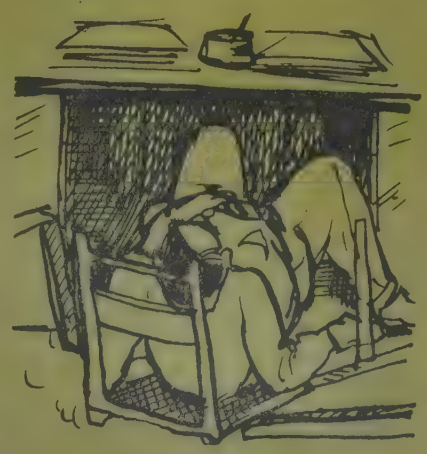
* * *

A very stout and pompous client walked into a solicitor's office and sat on a chair which collapsed under him. After he had gone, the solicitor remarked to his partner: "Obnoxious fellow, that. Even the chairs can't bear him."

* * *

A policeman saw a man carrying a carpet and his suspicions being aroused, said to him: "Here, where did you get that carpet?"

"Well," replied the man. "You'll hardly believe this, but I called at a house and a woman gave it to me and told me to beat it — and that's what I'm doing."



* * *

"Yes," said the seedy looking individual seated in a corner of a bar parlour, "my name and initials have always been against me. As soon as I have worked my way up to any position of authority that required my name to be exhibited, an excuse has always been found to terminate my services."

"What is your name then?" listeners would usually ask.

Then would come the reply, "N. O. Good."

* * *

Two keys hang in a certain undertaker's office, one for the organ in the chapel and the other for the official car in the garage. Two small signs above the keys read: "Hymn and Hearse."

* * *

He: "I've wanted to ask you a question for weeks."

She: "And I've had the answer ready for months."

* * *

"Did her father come between you?"

"No, his foot came up behind me."

* * *

"Lilian, did that young man smoke in the parlour last night? I found burnt matches there."

"Oh no, father, he just lit one or two to see what time it was."

* * *

She: "Daddy is so pleased to hear you are a poet."

He: "Fine. He likes poetry then?"

She: "No, but the last friend of mine he tried to throw out was an amateur boxer."

* * *

Impecunious Youth: "Honestly Jean, marriage is out of the question. I couldn't keep a mouse."

Jean (quite determined): "Of course you could, darling. I love them."

Compiled by George Fegradoe

ZEENAT AMAN: NO MORE EXPOSURE

Vijaya Irani

A jubilant Zeenat had left for London right after the "Satyam Shivam Sundaram" premiere, confident of the film's success, happy for Raj Kapoor, satisfied with the general reaction about her performance in the film.

It was her first day of shooting after she got back from London when I met her. She was busy adjusting to the role and getting into the mood of the scene she had to enact.

More important, she got back to find a storm of controversy which seemed to have been kicked up in her absence.

Breaking into Hindi, she said, "Kaafi dhuan ud gaya hai naa?" (A lot of smoke has arisen, hasn't it?) It certainly had. But I wasn't meeting her to find out the obvious — that she had **not got married** to Sanjay Khan, her producer-co-star of "Abdullah".

For I have noticed that with Zeenat it isn't too difficult for folks to pair her off with her latest co-star, because she doesn't conform to the typical "sati savitri" image.

But this time, things had gone a bit too far. When Zeenat heard that a leading daily was about to rush the news of her marriage to Sanjay, she called up a film reporter and gave a statement scotching the rumour at once.

For some reason, the rumour had found credence because of the belief that all of Raj Kapoor's heroines, beginning with Nargis, get married and leave films after they do RK films! Look at Zeenat's predecessor, Dimple, for the latest example. But I remembered that last year, when "Satyam Shivam Sundaram" was nearly completed, there was a rumour that she was planning to get married to some foreigner and go away from India!

"I am cool, really. Seven years of hard work in films, during which I have given of myself totally, are bound to cause some changes in me. Well, now I tell you, there is this feeling of complete peace in me. The anxiety, the rush, the overpowering zeal to achieve my ambition, these were there in the initial years, the sensitive years — a time filled with apprehension, excitement, fear and overcome by willpower and confidence.

"Right now, I am at peace with the world, no malice towards anyone, and full of gratitude and affection for those who have helped me through my career. Yes, there is only one Raj Kapoor, there can be no other like him, no one who makes films as he does. It is a unique experience, but each film I have made is a rich experience."

Zeenat had been shooting in London for "Professor Pyarelal" and now after a month's work for various other films (like "Dostana" on the day we met) she was going back to London to shoot for Feroz Khan, dub for "Shalimar" and attend the premiere of "Satyam Shivam Sundaram".

How did she feel about Dev Anand's latest "Des Pardes", which has proved very successful?

"I wasn't here when his film was released and I have not yet seen it. But I sent a long, loving cable to Dev from London, wishing him all the best for his film. I am genuinely glad for him now that his film has succeeded. Nobody deserves success as much as Dev does and my wish is that all his forthcoming films do very well."

And Raj Kapoor? Will she be doing another film for him?

"Raj-ji won't be doing another film for some time now, he feels he wants a break for some time. He has been at it for so long now and this film has drained so much of him mentally, he wants to take it easy. So my doing another RK film is out of the question for the time being."

What about the exposure she went through for the film? Haven't other producers approached her, asking her to expose herself like in the Satyam-role for their films too?

Here she was very vehement, and even a little annoyed, I think.

"Raj-ji's film was Raj-ji's film. There won't be another like it any more. And just because I did it for his film, I am not going to do it for anyone else."

With all the ha'penny-tupenny masala film makers itching to make a fast buck, it will be quite a problem for Zeenat to try and convince them of her decision. But she doesn't care how they feel.

"I have changed, as I told you. I am more into things around me, people, relationships, communication — now these are the things that I value more."

Finally, she has managed to disprove the RK legend about its heroines getting married.

"I am not even trying to disprove anything — the tradition or precedent or whatever you say. I am just being me. And if this is contrary to the rule, I cannot help it, nor does it bother me!"

She had more important things to bother about. Her shot was being called — her first shot after a month in London. And her producer was just trying to see if he could extend her shooting even before she got started! She couldn't, for she had dubbing elsewhere to do. And before the little frown which had unconsciously begun to play on her brow could get worse, she went on to her set, and I, on my way.

How Urbanites spend their leasure

From among the varied avenues for entertainment and occupation offered in Bombay, everyone finds something to do in their leisure hours

Saeeda Peermahomed

"Today teenagers are more rebellious. Therefore, they spend leisure hours in a manner over which the elders have no say. Moreover, the styles are fast changing." This is the opinion of Mrs. S.K., a middle-class mother.

In a series of interviews with several people belonging to different social strata on how they spend their leisure time, a common factor emerged. Whether a person was affluent or not, she spent some time at the movies though with varying frequency.

Of course, Mrs. S.K. was different. "Fifteen years ago as a teenager, my leisure time was spent with friends in the same housing colony. We did not go to movies or for other entertainment, and were only allowed within the colony compound." Now as a suburban housewife, she spends the morning doing her housework. During the only free time, in the afternoon, she reads newspapers and magazines. In the evenings, relations drop in.

In contrast, Mrs. L., a housewife from a **basti** was puzzled by what free time meant. She was always so busy. "I have six children between the ages of six months and eleven years, and always have a lot to do." In the morning, she works as a part-time servant in three different households. Pondering over my question again, she asserted that if she had any spare time, it was in the evening which she spent gossiping with other women or sitting and watching the world go by.

In a city, the pace of life is fast, one mad rush. Most of those interviewed had little time for leisure. Twenty-five years ago, the pace was slower and people had more time to spare, but did not have the wide choice of activities available today.

For teenagers, there are the discotheques. The "era of discotheques" is relatively recent and started with the opening of the Blow Up at the Taj Intercontinental. For those who like eating out, there are restaurants which cater to every taste and purse — Mughlai, South Indian, Chinese, Polynesian, French, Continental, etc. Clubs in Bombay offer facilities for games like tennis, golf, squash, badminton, table-tennis, swimming and cards. The latest fad among boys and some girls is learning karate.

Among the affluent class, Mrs. R.S. explained, "When the children were young, I mostly stayed at home. When they started going to school, with more spare time, I attended Japanese flower arrangement classes. Today, I run my own classes and participate in exhibitions. My hobby has started yielding pocket money for me, too." Mrs. R.S. does hardly any housework as she has three servants. Every evening she and her husband are at the club playing cards. During the racing season, she is at the races every Sunday.

Miss S.D., a Sophia College student, said, "Even though I have to study very hard (she wants to do medicine) I can always find time for music. I have a large collection of tapes and I play the piano and guitar." She enjoys cooking and making things — using her hands. She also goes to parties, discotheques and movies with friends.

Generally, many of the affluent women pass time playing cards. Among the poorer sections, it is the men who spend their evening gambling much to the distaste of their wives who find their meagre income "frittered away on drinks and card games."

Among the poorer classes, the majority spend their time trying to make extra money, gossiping or just visiting friends. A few gamble and drink in excess.

Mr. M., a gardener, does odd jobs during his leisure hours and in the evening, chats and drinks with friends and more often than not gets drunk. He admits that "This is a bad habit."

A watchman, Mr. S., spends his off-duty hours listening to his transistor or joins his friends outside the building for a chat every evening.

Mr. A.A., a domestic servant, takes every evening off and visits his friends and relations or watches television. In the afternoon, he listens to his transistor and dozes.

The radio is an important communication medium for information and entertainment, especially among the poorer sections. Television is a boon particularly for the old and the sick who can spend their evening watching it. The favourite television programme is, of course, the Sunday movie.

The most popular leisure time activity is seeing movies. There is a cinema house at practically every corner of Bombay! Even the poorest of the poor treat themselves to a movie regularly.

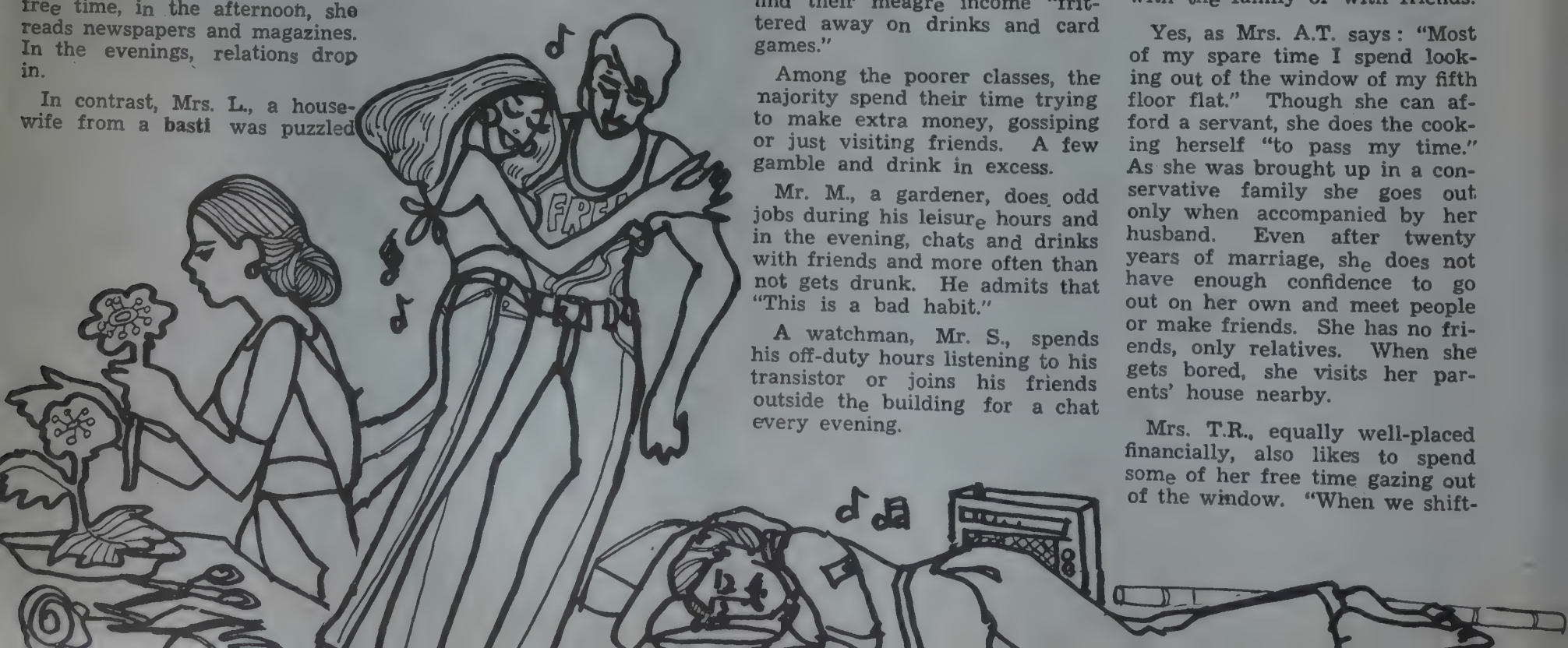
Police inspector R.K., says that he has no fixed hours of duty. "My leisure time varies. I usually read the newspaper, go to movies or see Marathi plays."

Mr. K.S. is a retired middle-class gentleman. "My main hobby is repairing pens and watches. In the evening, I read, watch television or relatives visit me." His grand-daughter, a college student, spends her evenings visiting friends, going to the temple or for a walk, or playing badminton.

A teacher, Mrs. F., said, "For a working couple, the idea of leisure would be to spend time together chatting and catching up on the day's happenings." On week-days, she has a drink with her husband and they "just chat." They visit friends or play rummy on Sundays. Sometimes, they go for picnics or parties with the family or with friends.

Yes, as Mrs. A.T. says: "Most of my spare time I spend looking out of the window of my fifth floor flat." Though she can afford a servant, she does the cooking herself "to pass my time." As she was brought up in a conservative family she goes out only when accompanied by her husband. Even after twenty years of marriage, she does not have enough confidence to go out on her own and meet people or make friends. She has no friends, only relatives. When she gets bored, she visits her parents' house nearby.

Mrs. T.R., equally well-placed financially, also likes to spend some of her free time gazing out of the window. "When we shift-



time

ed to a new flat in a building off the main road, I missed the road and traffic so much that within a year we sold the flat and bought this flat overlooking the road. Now I am happy."

It is hard to believe that a city like Bombay whose bright lights attract people from all over India, is a source of boredom and routine for some.

A managing director of a city firm, Mr. M. A., said, "I have no fixed hours of work. I have many duty dinners and parties and I do a lot of entertaining too." After a pause, he continued, "I am very fond of Indian classical music, but now I have hardly any time to listen to my large collection of tapes or go to movies."

His son, in his early twenties, does what his father cannot! He spends his spare hours listening to music, going for drives, reading or going with friends. On an average, he goes to a discotheque or to parties once a week. "Saturday nights, I am always out."

An Arts student from Xavier's says she goes out with her friends for movies, sometimes between lectures, and then they go out for lunch to known restaurants. In the evenings, she is at the club. The rest of the time she is at parties, discotheques or shopping. She rarely reads or plays any game. When asked if she enjoyed all this, she promptly replied, "I love it."

Bombay stages a large number of plays in English and regional languages. Fairs and exhibitions are held all the year round. Library facilities and free reading rooms are available for the underprivileged. There are some parks and open spaces too.

With the coming of polytechnics and the introduction of various courses, the housewife need no longer just sit at home but can choose from a wide variety of courses offered. There are classes for self-improvement, language courses — especially English — flower arrangement, accounts, baking and cookery classes, etc. Among the myriad and varied avenues for entertainment and occupation offered by a cosmopolitan city like Bombay, everyone can find something to suit her in her leisure hours — for interest, and profit too!

RITA SINHA:

EXCELLING IN A FAMILY PASSION

At the recent All India Rifle Shooting Competition at Ahmedabad, Rita Sinha of Calcutta made history by emerging as the first woman ever to win the open championship.

This achievement is unique and was blazed all over the country. What is she like, this new star in the rifle shooting firmament? Her father, who was in U.T.C., was a good shot and a gold medallist but little Rita used to cover her ears at the sound of shots. Her mother was keen that their daughter should go in for higher studies and she did her B.Sc. with Chemistry Honours from Bethune College.

Marriage to a rifle enthusiast was just chance, a lucky chance as it turned out because the young husband, a devoted member of the Rifle Club, delighted in taking his pretty, bright-eyed wife to various places for target-shooting programmes. The husband's enthusiasm fired the young wife. "As a novice, I used to watch through the telescope and shiver. It was in the December of 1972, at the Eastern India Championship competition at Gomiah, that I just picked up my husband's rifle and tried my hand at shooting and after only 13 days of practice found that I could lead my husband by two points! That was the first time."

In March 1972, Delhi hosted the Nicholson Range National Championship where she won the second place in India. In 1973, in Lucknow, this intrepid girl, five months pregnant, won the Ladies National Championship in Point 22 Standard Rifle, in a prone position. She got the George Vint and Valla Trophy. In 1974, at the Delhi National Championship, she won the ladies trophy in Point 22, and went on to collect more laurels. Then, in 1975 at Chandigarh, she created a national record in standard rifle shooting, scoring 579 out of 600.

In 1976, she came third among men and ladies, with 1051 points, another record for ladies, and received the Vijay Lakshmi Pandit Trophy, creating another national record with 194 points out of 200 and bagging the best award trophy and 16 gold medals.

Then came 1978, where at the All-India Shooting Championship she coolly collected 11 gold, 11 silver and three bronze medals.

Rita is not only an intrepid young woman, but the devoted mother of a four-year-old girl, whom she takes with her to all the shooting events, determined not to let the child feel left out.

A good artist, she has painted the progress of her baby through childhood. As an exponent of Rabindra Sangeet, she is a student of Dwijen Mukerjee and gives programmes on AIR.

"Now I usually practise six hours a day before going over to the final selection for Asian Commonwealth and World Shooting selection trials to be held at Nahan, in Himachal Pradesh," she says. "And I hope to be a credit to India when I go on to Edmonton, Canada, later this year for the Commonwealth Games."

Tapati Mookerji

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CHILDREN'S HOUR!

It's always the children's hour as far as mothers are concerned. You think about pretty clothes for pretty little ones all the time as it's important to dress them well. In the exciting world of tiny fashions — shifts, pinafores, apron-skirts and A-lines, have all been adapted to pint-size figures. The season's fabrics are cottons, 2 X 2, and sturdy denims, and while the keynote is comfort, colour and pattern are also important, particularly for party and play clothes. The smartest small fry are turning out in dresses trimmed with lace, applique, patchwork, embroidery and tucks. So take a look at the delectable collection — adapt them to the needs of your own little ones, and have them voted "the best-dressed kids" in town!

Courtesy : Little Loves, 3 Pali Road, Bandra, Bombay.

ABOVE : All things bright and beautiful . . .!
A blue denim pinafore dress has nursery motif applique and is worn with a red T-shirt; a red cotton dress has machine embroidered fabric for yoke, sleeves and pockets, while a red yoked royal blue dress has applique leaf motifs on the skirt.

TOP LEFT : Pretty two on the table!
The cute little one wears a mauve dress with full white apron-front in lace, edged with ribbon insertioned frill. The other is happy in a leaf green dress with gathered skirt, white lace bodice inserted with matching green bands.

LEFT : All dolled up for a party!
A pink dress has lace trimmed bodice and apron skirt; a light blue dress with horizontally tucked bodice has tiered skirt edged with lace; while a cherry red dress has white lace yoked bodice and gathers over skirt, trimmed with double row of rick-rack braid.

Photographs : Farokh Reporter.

POSTMAN BRAND

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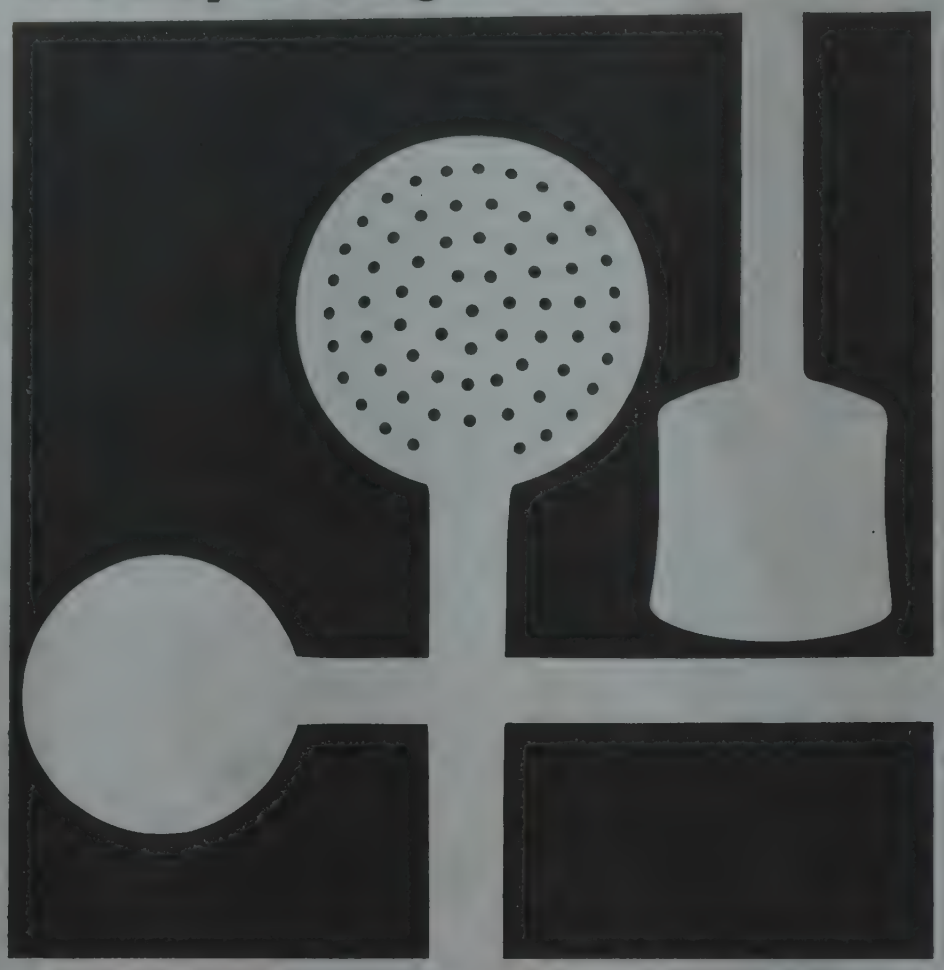

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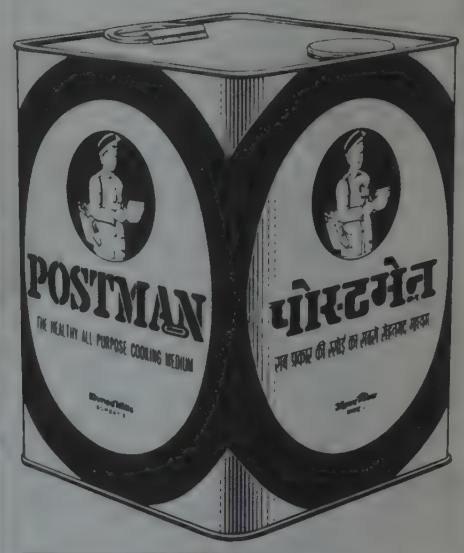

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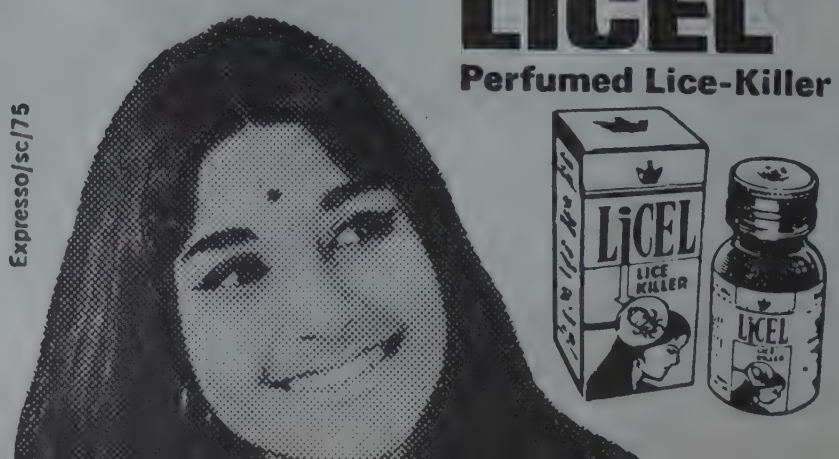


Expresso/sc/75

CURING BY ACUPUNCTURE

Dilip Patel

Herself cured of a persistent backache by acupuncture, Dr. Alexander is now curing others

Dr. MARIAMMA ALEXANDER

Beyond the bamboo curtain of the People's Republic of China, until very recently, acupuncture used to be considered just a phenomenon that belonged to the realm of folklore and fantasy.

Today, within just a few years, acupuncture has taken the world by storm.

On the whole, this age-old Chinese medical aid has had little impact in India. While China is believed to have more than 30,000 acupuncture therapy clinics, we have scarcely any.

Dr. Mariamma Alexander is one of the few qualified acupuncturists in India and she aroused great interest among the participants at the All-India Anaesthesiologists Conference held some time ago in Bangalore, during which she presented a paper on acupuncture therapy. She is a triple post-graduate diploma holder in anaesthesiology, and a qualified acupunture therapist. Over the last three years she has treated over 300 patients and a good number of them have reportedly got permanent relief.

Acupuncture is a word derived from the Latin words "acus" (needle) and "puncture" (pricking). It means "a puncturing of bodily tissue for the relief of pain." It is performed by inserting sharp needles of various lengths into one or several of the hundreds of points located all over the body, including the head and the extremities. These needles are inserted to various depths, rotated, left in site for some time or immediately withdrawn.

Dr. Alexander's interest in acupuncture was both accidental and impromptu. Way back in 1970, while she was at Oxford, she had developed a fascination for starting a "pain clinic" in India. She had friends in Oxford who were running such clinics. The clinic would have, she thought, an anaesthesiologist, a psychiatrist and a neurologist. They would sit together and study the cases.

But Dr. Alexander had to go on a different course. In 1973, when she was in America teaching at Harvard University, she suffered a terrible continuous backache. She consulted several doctors and the only answer she got was that she would have to learn to live with that pain. Acupuncture had already crept into America by then and one of Mariamma's senior colleagues, an assistant professor, had started taking interest in it. He had learnt from some Chinese acupuncturists, and offered to try the method on Mariamma. Mariamma was not very interested and had little faith or hope in it. However, she felt she would not lose anything if she underwent the treatment. And so, she agreed to undergo the minimum required ten sittings. To her great surprise, after the fourth sitting itself, she found that her pain had gone. She was also advised to do some physical exercises. This miraculous pain relief instantly aroused her interest in acupuncture and she extended her stay by six months and learnt the full techniques of acupuncture before returning here.

She served for about a year at the Kasturba Medical College, Manipal, on her return, heading the Department of Anaesthesiology. In 1974, she moved into Bangalore to settle down.

Dr. Alexander's acupuncture practice in India began with an old colleague from Manipal who had a severe nerve injury in the arm. He underwent the acupuncture treatment and was relieved of the pain. The news spread by word of mouth and those who were tired of pain and interested in acupuncture therapy, started visiting her. She would not take up the case immediately. She would check whether the patient had consulted specialist doctors in various fields. If not, she would advise the patient to go and get a thorough check-up through conventional methods, and only if doctors spelt out that the patient had to live with the trouble would she take up the case. Thus the patient had nothing more to expect or anticipate if acupuncture did not work.

Dr. Alexander has been highly successful in cases of backaches and sciatica pains. Ortho-arthritis and rheumatoid arthritis follow in achieving success. Migraine and other forms of splitting headaches have given mixed results. "Chinese books claim," says Dr. Alexander, "that anything and everything can be cured through acupuncture. But in the light of modern medical developments, I wouldn't like to use acupuncture for treating dysentery or malaria." In fact, she does not believe that acupuncture can be used to cure every ailment. "It can prove to be the best tool for pain relief," she says.

Dr. Alexander's patients have come from far and wide. She has even had a patient from Assam — a teacher who got back mobility of the neck after two sittings. Patients from Nepal and Pilani too have come to her.

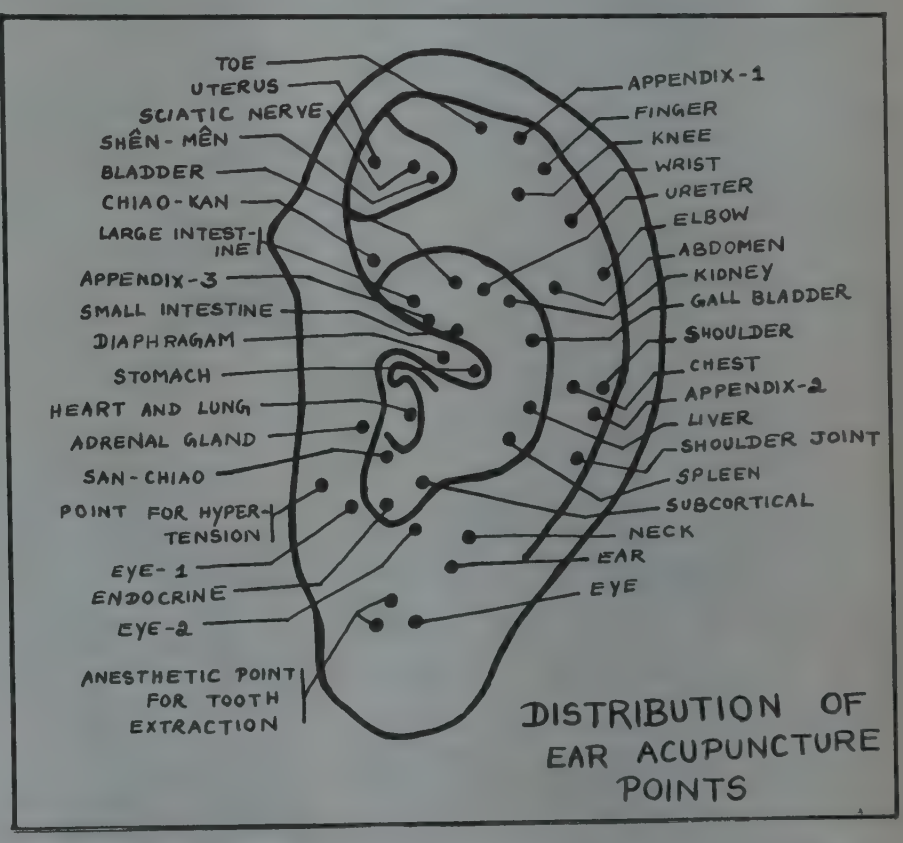
Back home, she has treated a dancer who could not bend her knees or even climb a flight of steps. Today, she is giving long dance recitals. But the prize achievement has been her success on an octogenarian. A DIG's mother, in her early eighties, had come with some backache complaint. She had not bent her knees for over 12 years, may be due to old age. Immediately after the first sitting, to everyone's surprise, the old lady bent her knees and started walking. Even Dr. Alexander had not expected and aimed at this.

Usually, acupuncture does not work well with the old, says Dr. Alexander. She teaches her patients simple exercises to practise at home for common aches like headaches, etc. The simplest one is pressing the region between first finger and thumb. This point is called Ho-Ku and is a universal point for pain in any region, especialy headache. One can press this region hard, instead of inserting pins, for 15-20 minutes to get rid of headache. But multiple point acupuncturing cannot be advised to patients to practise on their own. Particularly because if the needle is inserted even slightly off, it would hurt a lot. In America, acupuncture is performed only by qualified anaesthesiologists.

Acupuncture can be used as anaesthesia in aid of an operation or to reduce labour pain. The Chinese prefer this to drugs.

How costly is acupuncture? Dr. Alexander does not fix her fees. She would not like a patient not to come just because he cannot pay. She has treated many patients free and in any case has not charged more than Rs. 15 per sitting. She has to discard the needles which cost one Hong Kong dollar each, after using them four times. She has an electronic vibrator of varying frequencies, which stimulates the needles. Thus considerable expenditure is involved, but she is not practising acupuncture for profit. Every evening two or three patients are found in her clinic. Her earnings come from her practice as anaesthesiologist for various leading clinics, nursing homes and hospitals.

At 37, Dr. Alexander is happily married and has two children. Her husband, Dr. Phillip Alexander, is a leading cardio-thoracic surgeon and, to complement him, Dr. Mariamma has taken a diploma in cardio-thoracic anaesthesia.



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STUFFY VEGETABLES!

Premila Lal

Vegetables tend to become uninteresting and unappetising when they are cooked the same old way day in and day out. But these same vegetables will be a centre of attraction on the dining table when served individually stuffed. There are a number of mouthwatering combinations of fillings for you to pick and choose to suit your taste. You can transform the most unlikely vegetable like tinda, padval or bitter gourd into wonders when stuffed in a variety of ways. So why not try some of these exciting recipes and bring your vegetables out of their dreary monotomy?

STUFFED BRINJALS

500 grams small brinjals (long variety)
2 large onions, chopped fine
½ tsp. mustard seeds
1 lump tamarind (size of a small lemon)
½ coconut, scraped
3 tsps. ghee
A sprig of curry leaves

FOR GRINDING: (All except salt to be fried in ghee or oil)

A few curry leaves
8 red dry chillis
1 tbsp. coriander seeds
½ tsp. cummin seeds
1 tsp. fenugreek
1 tsp. turmeric powder
Salt to taste

Slit the brinjals into four lengthwise but do not separate it from the stems. Put them in water. Grind all the fried ingredients with a little water, adding salt and tamarind. The coconut should be added last. Stuff the brinjals with three-fourths of this masala, keeping a quarter for the gravy. Put three teaspoons of ghee in a kerahi and add the mustard seeds and curry leaves. When the mustard seeds begin to splutter, add chopped onions and fry to a golden brown. Put the brinjals in and add the remaining masala mixed with tamarind water. Cover, and cook on a slow fire. Turn the brinjals every few minutes so that they are cooked evenly — As the vegetables get cooked the gravy will thicken too.

DHUM GOBI

1 cauliflower head — approx. 750 grams — 1 kg
1 cupful curd
2 tbsps. tomato puree
1 tsp. coriander powder
½ tsp. chilli powder
1 tsp. garam masala
2 tbsps. onion, minced
¼ tsp. ginger, powdered
Salt to taste
2 tbsps. butter (melted)

Trim the cauliflower. Make a thick sauce of the curd, tomato puree, coriander, chilli, garam masala, onion and ginger. Blend well and season with salt. Stuff as much of the sauce between the flowerettes and brush the remaining sauce over the cauliflower. Place the cauliflower to stand in a deep casserole and bake for 15 minutes with the sauce. Brush with butter or oil, and leave to cook for about 15 minutes more till tender.

STUFFED TOMATOES WITH BAKED BEANS

6 large tomatoes
8 slices bacon, fried crisp

Some fat from the bacon
2 cups green pepper, chopped
225 grams baked beans
1 tbsp. onion, chopped
1 tbsp. tomato ketchup
½ tsp. red chilli powder
½ tsp. garam masala or curry powder
Salt to taste

Heat oven to 325 degrees F. Cut a slice from the stem side of each tomatoes and scoop out pulp. Brown onion and green pepper in bacon fat. Add tomato pulp and cook until most of the liquid has been reduced. Add remaining ingredients and cook for another five minutes. Fill tomatoes with this mixture and replace the top. Bake in the oven until the tomatoes are tender.

ROLLED BAKED BANANAS

6 ripe bananas
6 thin slices ham
125 grams cheese, grated
2 tbsps. flour
450 mils milk
1 egg, beaten
1 green chilli, finely chopped
1-2 tbsps. coriander leaves, chopped
1 tbsp. butter
1 hard boiled egg
Salt and pepper to taste

Choose bananas that are not overripe. Peel and roll each banana with a slice of ham. Place them in a row at the bottom of a flat fireproof dish and bake in a medium oven for about 15 minutes. Meanwhile prepare a sauce by melting the butter and gently saute the flour. Add salt and pepper and cook for a few minutes but do not allow it to brown. Gradually pour in the milk stirring with a wooden spoon, and cook for 5 minutes. Add chilli and coriander and cook gently for another 5 minutes stirring occasionally. Remove the pan from the heat and fold in the grated cheese. Put it back on fire and cook for a couple of minutes to dissolve cheese. Remove from heat and add the beaten egg. Pour sauce over the bananas. Place a slice of hard-boiled egg on each covered bananas and grill or bake on the top shelf for a few minutes till lightly browned. Sprinkle a little more chopped coriander on top before serving if desired.

STUFFED CAPSICUM

6-8 capsicums
8 cups cooked rice
1 cup cooked shredded meat
2 tbsps. raisins
1 tomato, chopped
1 onion, chopped
2 cloves of garlic
2-3 green chillis
Salt and pepper to taste
1 tbsp. coriander (optional)

Cut off the stalks of the capsicums. Remove all the seeds and pith by making a small hole on the top. Chop the garlic, onion, green chillis, a tablespoon of coriander if desired, and mix with the cooked rice. Add to this the raisins, chopped tomatoes, meat and seasoning. Fill the capsicums with this mixture. Fit back the stems to cork up the mixture and place in a shallow baking pan. Pour water or stock to half the level of the capsicums and brush with oil or ghee. Cover and bake for about ½ hour in a moderate oven.

MASALA STUFFED PADVALS

6 padvals
1/3 cup curd
6 cloves garlic
2 onions
2 tsps. coriander seeds
1 tsp. garam masala
1 tsp. mango powder (amchur)
3 tbsps. ghee
Coriander leaves
3 red dry chillis
Salt to taste

Chop the onions and grind to a paste with the garlic, salt, chillis and the remaining masalas.

Slit the padvals lengthwise in 4 sections leaving the ends intact. Stuff them with the masala paste and tie with a piece of thread or pin together with toothpicks so that the masala does not spill out.

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cuckoo lal
Apples are good for the complexion and blood and it cures dysentery. 'Stewed apples served to alcoholics every day is fantastic.

Heat the ghee in a kerahi and fry the padvals. When they are nicely browned, add the curd and cook till they are soft and tender. Add 1 cup hot water if necessary. Garnish with chopped coriander leaves and serve as a side dish.

STUFFED BITTER-GOURDS

2 large size bitter-gourds
2 tbsps. ghee

TO BE FRIED AND POWDERED:

3 tsps. black gram dal
5 tsps. coriander seeds
½ tsps. cummin seeds
½ tsp. fenugreek seeds

GRIND TO A FINE PASTE:

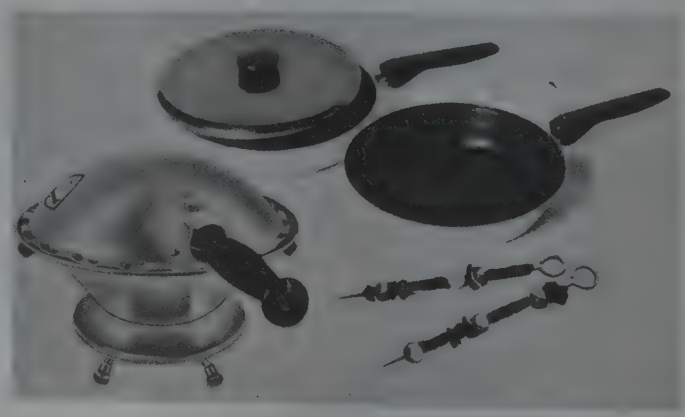
8 red dry chillis
A small ball of tamarind
A little asafoetida
Salt to taste

Wash the bitter-gourds and cut into even round pieces. Remove only the seeds from the pulp. Stuff these pieces with a thick paste made by mixing the fine paste with the powdered ingredients. Steam them till tender.

Place a saucepan on a low fire and heat one tablespoonful ghee. Transfer the steamed bitter-gourd pieces to the saucepan and pour the remaining ghee over them. Fry them both sides till they become crisp and brown in colour.

MORE GIFTS FOR OUR COOKERY WINNERS

The Cookery Queen of the month will receive in addition to the usual cash prize of Rs. 100.00, 1) A 230 mm non-stick Taper Fry Pan (Aug); a 185 mm non-stick Fry Pan (Sept); and a 185 mm non-stick Saucepan (Oct.) from TRUPTI INDUSTRIES, Bombay, 2) A cash prize of Rs. 101.00 from WEIKFIELD, 3) A SUPER-COOK Gas Tandoor with two skewers from M/s. GLOBE SUPER PARTS and, 4) A book "Eve's Guide to Fashion, Beauty, Cookery and Childcare by AROONA REEJHSINGHANI (Aug.).



So, send in your original vegetarian or non-vegetarian recipes accompanied with a coupon to the Cookery Editor, Eve's Weekly, Bombay Samachar Marg, Bombay — 400 023.

recipes from our readers

Mrs. Ruma Ramachandran, Alleppey.

MINCE MEAT PARATHA

100 grams mince meat
100 grams flour
25 grams ginger
50 grams onions, chopped
5 grams sugar
50 grams ghee
25 grams refined oil
1 tsp. vinegar
3-4 green chillis
½ tsp. turmeric powder
½ tsp. chilli powder
Salt to taste

Extract juice from ginger. Soak the mince meat in this juice with onions and vinegar for 20 to 25 minutes. Grind it smoothly. Mix in turmeric and chilli powder. Fry the paste in oil for five minutes. Add a tablespoon of hot ghee to the flour. Add the kheema paste and mix well to make a smooth dough. Mix minced green chillis, salt and sugar. Make small balls and roll out like parathas and fry on tava on both sides till light brown. Serves as a good snack for tea.

Miss Debika Ghosal, Calcutta.

BANANA FLOWER — MUGHLAI KABABS

2 medium size banana flowers
100 grams bengal gram dal (soaked for 2 hours)
50 grams ginger
4 cloves garlic
1 small onion
1 bunch coriander leaves
2 green chillis
4 red chillis
1 tsp. cardamom
1 tsp. javitri
30 grams poppy seeds
1 tbsp. garam masala
8 pepper corns
1 egg
A few drops of lemon juice
Ghee for frying

Clean the banana flowers and take the white portion from inside. Throw away the outer portion of the flower. Boil the white portion in a dekchi with a pinch of turmeric powder. When boiled, bring it down from fire and keep aside.

Now boil together Bengal gram dal, garlic, ginger, pepper, red chillis, poppy seeds, garam masala, cardamom and javitri.

Grind these boiled spices along with boiled banana flower to a smooth paste.

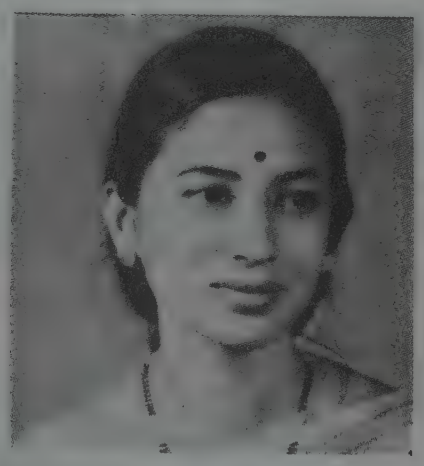
Cut onions, green chillis, coriander leaves finely and add a few drops of lemon.

Gradually mix one egg with the ground paste. Mix well into a very smooth paste.

Make small balls out of this mixture. Make a depression in the centre. Put a little of chopped onions and green chillis.

Now make the balls into kabab shapes and deep fry in hot ghee.

1 weekly winner



Mrs. Savatri Mahesh of Hyderbad, wins Rs. 50 for this week's best recipe plus a non-stick coated 7" Cake Mould from Trupti Industries, a gift hamper from Weikfield and a book by Aroona Reejhsinghani.

MUTABAK KHEEMA

500 grams minced meat (kheema)
100 grams onions
100 grams ghee
1 tbsp. ginger garlic paste
2 tsps. chilli powder
A pinch of turmeric
Salt to taste
A little milk
Juice of 2 lemons
1 bunch of coriander leaves, chopped
3 green chillis, chopped

GRIND TOGETHER:

6 cardamoms
5 cloves
1 level tsp. Shahzeera
2 piece cinnamon

FOR THE FILLING:

6 eggs (4 boiled, 2 beaten)
50 grams ghee
½ pint milk
50 grams cheese, grated
2 bunch coriander leaves, chopped
5 green chillis, chopped
Saffron
125 grams flour
2 tsps. ghee
Salt to taste

Slice the onions and fry in ghee till brown. Put in ginger garlic paste, chilli powder, turmeric and salt and fry for a minute and add the meat and fry a little. Add a cup of water and cook the minced meat well covered till the water dries up. Add the green chillis and coriander leaves and fry a minute. Take off from the fire and grind the kheema coarsely. Add all the ground masala powder and lime juice. Add a little milk to the coarsely ground kheema as it helps in spreading.

Mix the 2 teaspoon of ghee with flour. Add salt and water and make a soft dough. Keep aside for at least ½ hr. Knead the dough well and roll into very thin chappatis and lightly roast them on a tava.

Take a flat dish in which 'Mutabak' is to be baked, and spread a little ghee, Cover the base of the vessel with a layer of chappatti. Put a tsp. ghee and some milk. Spread ¼ of chopped eggs, grated cheese, chopped green chillis and coriander, beaten eggs and saffron. Put a little ghee and spread another layer of chappatti on it. Now spread the second layer of the filling. Repeat the process. Cover the top with the beaten eggs and saffron and bake in a moderate oven till Mutabak is well set and brown. Cut in squares and serve.

Freny Umrigar, Bombay.

MILK CUTLETS

½" piece ginger, finely chopped
1 tbsp. coriander leaves, finely chopped
6 green chillis, finely chopped
½ tsp. turmeric powder
2 tbsps. gram flour
4 eggs, whipped
Salt to taste
Ghee for frying
2½ cups milk
Bread crumbs

GRIND TO A PASTE:

4 onions, chopped
2 cloves garlic

Fry onions slightly. Add the ground paste, coriander leaves, chillis, turmeric powder, salt and gram flour and saute for a few minutes. Remove and let it cool. Add eggs to warm milk and add it to the mixture. Place it in a shallow tray for baking and bake it like custard. Remove and allow it to cool. Cut into shapes like cutlets. Roll in bread crumbs and fry, or serve without frying straight from the oven.

These cutlets are a good substitute for brain cutlets. The same can also be made from powder milk.

COOKERY CONTESTANTS!

Revised Contest Rules

1. Each recipe must be accompanied by this coupon.

2. The author of each selected entry will be informed in advance and requested to send a passport size photograph of herself, to be published along with her recipe.

3. The recipe must be original and not copied from a cookery book, a magazine or any other published material. The prize-winner shall have to sign a declaration to that effect before the announcement is made and the prize awarded.

Address your entries to the Cookery Editor, Eve's Weekly, Bombay Samachar Marg, Bombay-400 023.

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Phone : 74150

AGRA
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Taj Road, Sadar Bazar
Phones : 64748/73771

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Navarangpura
Phone : 40887

ALLAHABAD
75, K.P. Kakkar Road

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Phone : 5305

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Janpath
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Phone : 31699

GAUHATI
Lakhtokia Road
Phone : 24640

GOA
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HYDERABAD
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Ram Singh Building, Opp. Minerva Talkies
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6/25, Janak Building, New Road
Phone : 11883

LUCKNOW
48, Hazratganj
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Phone : 24512

PUNE
Commercial Building, Tilak Road
Phones : 442121/442525

SHILLONG
Police Bazar
Phone : 3136

SIMLA
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Phone : 5345

SRINAGAR
13, New Municipal Building
H.S.H. Street
Phones : 3176/2865

SPLIT ENDS

My hair is dry and has split ends. Any remedy for this?

S. L. L. (Hyderabad)

You probably have dry and parched hair — often this type of hair tends to split lengthwise. Over-perming and over-bleaching also harm the hair. Have your hair trimmed an inch or so to get rid of the split ends.

Try the hot oil treatment weekly which is beneficial for dry hair and split ends. Warm a little coconut or olive oil and apply it on your scalp massaging it well. Dip a towel in hot water and wring it out. Wrap your head with this. When the towel cools dip it again in the water and wrap your head. Do this for about 15 minutes. Follow with a shampoo.

TRY HOT OIL TREATMENT

COLOGNE AND TOILET WATER

Please tell me what is the difference between cologne and toilet water. Can these be used instead of perfume?

V. J. (Madras)

Toilet water is stronger than cologne. It contains more of the essential oils which impart the scent and therefore is more like a perfume.

A cologne contains more alcohol and is less concentrated in fragrance.

Neither of these is a substitute for perfume. Toilet water and cologne are used lavishly, sprayed on the hair and used more frequently.

TO FIRM MUSCLES

Please suggest some exercises to firm and strengthen the body muscles. I am 30 and have a good figure but I find that my muscles are flabby.

M. N. (Bombay)

This deep knee-bend is very effective but you must exercise regularly till you see results.

Stand with your body balanced on your toes, back straight, arms stretched forward. Then go down slowly bending knees as low as possible. Lean forward and sit down.

Lean back, bracing yourself by putting hands on floor behind you. Ease the body up — slightly off the floor. Point leg and foot high in the air. Return to sitting-leaning position.

Raise your body high off the floor as if your back were a table-top and your arms and legs the table legs. Raise leg as high as possible. Glide back to the floor and into a sitting position.

Lift both arms and legs up simultaneously, and hold the position, then relax.

TO REMOVE WHITEHEADS

I have whiteheads, can you tell me how to remove these? How are they caused?

T. K. (Bangalore)

Is your skin oily? Whiteheads are hard white lumps beneath the surface of the skin caused by oily skin and sluggish blood circulation. You should steam and cleanse your face. Steam your face over a bowl of hot water. Then gently but firmly rub the area in circular movements with a mixture of mild soap and coarse table salt. Rinse off. Then applying a gentle pressure with your fingers press them out. Do this gently so that there are no scars left.

DRY SHAMPOO

One of my friends has been using dry shampoo. What is it? What does the term "shingling" mean?

V. G. (Pune)

A dry shampoo is used during illness. It comes in powder form which is sprinkled over the head. It is rubbed all over the scalp, then brushed out thoroughly.

The process of tapering hair very close to the nape of the neck is known as shingling.

THE GOVERNMENT guaranteed security

Here are careers which promise the maximum security, authority and reasonable remuneration, except, of course if one chooses to enter politics

Maya C. Malani

The administrative machinery of the government provides many secure jobs. Women who have already established themselves in the various fields and services of the government give details of the requirements and possibilities of different government jobs.

CAREER IN POLITICS

Mrinal Gore, MP

Jayawantiben Mehta, MLA

"Politics affect every sphere of society," according to Mrs. Mrinal Gore (MP) and Mrs. Jayawantiben Mehta (MLA). There are various areas of work such as family welfare, educational reforms, civic administration, trade union activities, anti-price rise movement, etc. It is necessary to get to the root of all problems and make citizens aware of their rights. "The work is interlinked. For example, social welfare is part of economic development," says Mrs. Ahilya Rangnekar (MP).

A degree is not essential for becoming involved in politics. In fact, experience has proved that "the highly qualified are not as effective as the simple workers," says Mrs. Gore. In politics "what is required is common sense and sincerity of purpose," she feels.

Mrs. Rangnekar feels that the expense involved in elections deters aspirants to political posts. Often, a woman gets into politics when her husband or father is already in the same line.

Politics calls for a lot of hard work. In Mrs. Mehta's opinion, "It is like walking on a sword's edge."

"The outlook of society towards women should be changed," according to Mrs. Rangnekar. Women's careers are ruined by character assassination. And widows and unmarried women are discriminated against. Mrs. Mehta feels that family backing helps women who want to enter politics.

As far as personal security is concerned, Mrs. Gore has never faced any problems, not even at

Ahilya Rangnekar, MP

night from hutment dwellers.

Yet, the number of women in politics has been steadily declining from 35 MPs in '62 to 20 in '77. "Out of 4000 legislators in India today, less than 100 are women." Mrs. Rangnekar feels that women should put up a fight and more women should enter politics. Mrs. Gore advocates the setting up of creches by the government so that women can attend to their duties wholeheartedly. Mrinal Gore strongly objects to the present practice of nominating relatives and friends to the Rajya Sabha. Only experts should be selected. Women should try to weed out corruption from politics. They should also fight for their rights (equal wages, maternity benefits, creches, etc.), she feels.

INDIAN ADMINISTRATIVE SERVICE

It is essential for one who wants to appear for the IAS exam to be a graduate. Though "two papers are of post-graduate standard" by putting in a little extra effort one can pass the examination, according to Mrs. Shanta Shastri, Deputy Secretary, Food and Civil Supplies department. A rural background does help. And having participated in debates, elocutions/public speaking helps when one is interviewed.

According to Mrs. Shashi Mishra, Deputy Secretary, Command Area Development, Irrigation and Agriculture department, "If you are reasonably aware of current events, there is no difficulty in passing the examinations." Nevertheless, there is a strict process of selection extending over a year. Only 1-1 1/2 per cent from among the applicants are chosen. Out of these the percentage of women is very low (15 per cent). In Maharashtra and Gujarat, universities and state governments have started classes to train students for the IAS. They provide stipends and hostel facilities, too.

"The job is a a general one," according to Mrs. Mishra. It covers a vast area and, in each department, the nature of work is different, ranging from agriculture, rural development, slum eradication, civil supplies to banking and finances, etc.

"In the districts (divided into talukas and sub-divisions) you start as a Sub-divisional Officer," says Mrs. Neela Satyanarayan, Under Secretary, Agriculture and Cooperation department. The collector of a district looks after the revenue and law and order. The Chief Executive Officer of the zilla parishad in charge of development, is on a par with the collector.

The IAS officers belong to the all-India service. They are allotted different states but can be posted to the Centre on deputation. They are transferred every two to three years within the state. One can ask for a certain area, but the final decision lies with the government.

This creates practical problems. "Husband and wife cannot expect to be together all the time unless they are in the same service," says Mrs. Mishra. "And even then there is a time lag."

"Initially the staff and the general public are inhibited in talking to a lady officer. You have to win their confidence," Mrs. Satyanarayan says. However, this helps in looking at the situation objectively.

In spite of the drawbacks, women have risen to high posts. There is a lady Chief Secretary

Neela Satyanarayan, IAS

in the Andaman and Nicobar Islands. And Mrs. Malti Tambe Vaidya, is a Secretary at Mantralaya, Bombay. According to Mrs. Mishra, only if women are prepared to face the difficulties of separation from their spouses/families should they take up this challenging career.

CENTRAL SERVICES

To enter the Central Service one has to appear for six papers instead of the eight required for IAS. The most popular ones are discussed below:

Indian Audit and Accounts Service

"The IAS exam is not restricted to first class graduates only" says Mrs. Rajnee Kutty, Senior Deputy Accountant General (Administration). In all the services, candidates are given initial general administrative training at

AS AN EMPLOYER:

the National Academy of Administration, Mussoorie. Later, they are sent to the Staff Academy, Simla, and different offices to acquire the requisite knowledge. Officers are given training in each department. The

Rajnee K. Kutty, IAAS

accounts department is in charge of pensions, gazetted officers' salaries, provident fund, etc. The function of the audit department is to check the regularity of expenditure. The audit report has to be presented to the legislature (for the states) and to Parliament (for the Centre).

Experience in accountancy is not as important as a knowledge of business management, economics and general knowledge. This service is quite suitable for women as they are adept in dealing with government servants. Besides, the offices are in big cities, generally in state capitals. Two women have reached the coveted post of Accountant General in Delhi and Patna.

Indian Railway Accounts Service

"The chances of getting the service of one's choice depends on merit and existing vacancies," says Mrs. Sunita Awasthi, Senior Accounts Officer, Finance, Central Railway. For the competitive exam, one should have a basic knowledge of science, political science, history, law, etc. Those selected for this service go to

Sunita Awasthi, IRAS

the Baroda Staff College to get acquainted with the working of the railways after four months at Mussoorie.

There are two distinct fields in Railway Accounts — Accounts and Finance. Accounts deals with maintenance of records of earnings and expenditure. Finance involves assessing and advising on the financial viability of different schemes.

The job involves touring. But the various women who hold high posts such as Deputy Financial Adviser and Chief Accounts officer manage their jobs and homes efficiently.

Indian Revenue Service Income Tax

The minimum qualification for appearing for the IRS exam are graduation and completion of 21

Amta Desai, Income Tax, IRS

years of age. The upper limit (24) has now been relaxed by a couple of years. "After selection and the training at Mussoorie, you are sent to the Income-tax Officers' Training College, Nagpur," says Mrs. Amta Desai, Assistant Commissioner, Inspecting.

Income-tax has various wings: Assessment, administration, judiciary and intelligence (including raids). When one is selected for the IRS, one is directly appointed as a Grade I officer. However, to become an Assistant Commissioner, a minimum of eight years working experience is required.

Mrs. Desai feels that women have to work "that" bit harder to prove that they are as serious about it as men. She would definitely recommend this career to girls as they have an innate knack for dealing with people.

Indian Customs and Central Excise

Miss S. Mackaden, Chief Accounts Officer, Customs, started her career as an upper division clerk after having completed her M.A. She feels that if this is to prove a satisfying career, girls should join it after entering the IAS.

This is not easy. Only 25 per cent of the candidates are selected for a job with the Customs. The rest are put in the Central Excise departments.

Thanksy Mathew, IRS

The various departments in Customs are appraising, audit, export, import, preventive and establishment (personnel).

Miss Thanksy Mathew, Assistant Collector on probation, finds this a thrilling job. In dealing with revenue there is a certain risk, therefore one has to be be careful with one's signature.

"At the Directorate of Customs and Central Excise, Delhi, we are given arms training and personal combat training (including judo and karate) among other things," she said. This is done in preparation for the night patrols on sea and land.

Generally, women are not given such posts unless they ask for it. Yet women have made a mark in this field. Mrs. Kaushalya Narayan, Collector of Customs, Madras, who died in an air crash, has had a prize for girls named after her.

Indian Postal Service

Both Mrs. K. Karthiayani, Senior Superintendent, Railway Mail Service, Airport Sorting Office, and Mrs. Aparna Mohile, Regional Officer, Censor Board, feel that for girls this is the best job in the central services. Mrs. Mohile adds, "This is a clean department."

K. Karthiayani, Indian Postal Service

Basically, the jobs involve personnel management. You can become a Vigilance Officer or Assistant Post Master General after working as a Superintendent of Divisions for a few years. Fifty per cent of the jobs are reserved for direct recruits. Mrs. Mohile feels that the chances of getting into the service depends on your competing ability. In her batch only 350 out of 40,000 were selected for the IAS and allied services.

According to Mrs. Karthiayani, the staff is more cooperative with women. "This is, perhaps, because ladies are more fair by nature." During the Ahmedabad riots in 1969 when the communication system ground to a halt, Mrs. Mohile set it working within a very short time.

Maybe this is why Mrs. Gloria Banerjee, Director of Postal Services in charge of Delhi, has reached such a high position. The only problem is that of touring. Married women, however, have tackled this problem successfully

Aparna Mohile, Indian Postal Service

Indian Police Service

For entering this service, which till recently was taboo for girls, one has to pass in five papers. Mrs. Kiran Bedi has proved that women are capable of making a success of this career. Unfortunately there is no woman in this service in Maharashtra.

Indian Foreign Service

For the IFS (one of the allied services), one has to appear for all the eight papers as in the case of the IAS — three compulsory, three optional, and two special papers. Women who clear them are stationed either in Delhi or are posted to foreign countries. There are very few women who appear for this exam in this service.

It is about time women shed their inhibitions and followed in the footsteps of their more daring counterparts. Only then will they be able to have a say in the policy-making decisions of the country

THE HIGH COST OF INDIAN DIPLOMACY

Deepika Chawla

An image of lavish extravagance abroad does not suit a nation which has been seeking foreign aid consistently for thirty years

"England is a poor nation and must learn to live accordingly," wrote John M. Keynes, the noted British economist, at the end of World War II when she was still the mighty Great Britain. But this spirit of austerity was not shared by India, then one of the many British dominions/colonies, which carried the singular burden of the largest share of poorest destitutes living anywhere on the globe. There is little wonder then that the Indian High Commission in London is, today, among the biggest missions, maintained by any country anywhere in the world.

When India attained sovereignity, her leaders went about copying the vast and extravagant diplomatic network of Great Britain. Nehru was the Premier and the Minister for External Affairs. When he started taking interest in international affairs, the diplomats were not to be left behind. With the waxing concern in foreign affairs, grew the size of the External Affairs Ministry and naturally the size and number of Indian foreign missions, too. Indian embassies, missions and consulates came to be opened in all parts of the world.

Nehru was an aristocrat at heart and loved all the good things of life — dress and dinner, literature and art, painting and architecture. Some of the embassies and missions he had known during his education in England and subsequent visits to Europe, were masterpieces of culture and the fine arts. It was natural that his psyche prompted him to adopt that pattern when the time came for laying down the furnishing and functioning of "India Houses" opened all over the world.

Indian diplomats could not be happier at the choice, as unrestricted amounts could be spent on the decoration of their offices and upkeep of missions. Whether it was a painting or a statue, whether it was Picasso's work or Gujral's, whether it was Amrita Shergil's original or Leonardo da Vinci's reproduction, the effect was all that mattered, the cost did not. Expenditure was never questioned; it was the image that was all important, the lode-star. Nehru was the leader, his following in the Cabinet and the Congress was overwhelming. Whatever he chose was right, after all the matter related to his own portfolio.

What was this "image" that not-so-rich a country sought to establish? Surely it could not be one of affluence, as the country had none. Nevertheless, this overemphasis on image became so acute that even its purpose and relevance to India got relegated to the background. For instance, when the Government was stressing simple living by donning Khadi our diplomats abroad were busy seeking services of the most elegant tailors and outfitters in London and Paris; when the country was pledging prohibition at home, her representatives abroad were busy hosting, and attending cocktail parties where Scotch and champagne were consumed by the gallon; when the nation was seeking discontinuance of English, her diplomats were toiling hard to acquire an affected pseudo-Oxford accent. The pity is that the perspective has still not changed in spite of a Government which calls itself "Janata."

One would think that the requirements of the job or day-to-day work of a diplomat would necessitate such facilities and perks. Let us, therefore, have a closer look at a diplomat's work. As a job, most career diplomats have little to exert. Primarily, the job requires their assisting Heads of Missions in entertainment of self and others and collecting certain routine intelligence. On an average a diplomat spends nearly 300 days annually attending cocktails and dinners which go on late into the night. Such get-togethers offer little scope for serious exchange of ideas, let alone collection of a purposeful intelligence. Since many other diplomats are around, often the only exchanges possible are social niceties like. "Yours is a beautiful country," "How do you do. Sir?" "Yes Sir! Three bags full, Sir," etc.

As it is, these social circuits take a heavy toll of a diplomat's time. Besides, poor reflexes and hang-overs have also to be coped with. But this is the only trying part of his work; the rest is relatively easy.

His job requires little reading or writing and little involvement in India's problems. The routine intelligence or feedback for India is readily provided by reading local newspapers, gossip columns and exposure to mass-media and an occasional tete-a-tete with diplomats of other countries. The world of Indian diplomats thus has come to be a world that has little relevance to India. Public relations, their media and the propaganda machinery, rather information dispersal, have long been neglected. No wonder 30 years after Independence the world still knows very little of India, her progress, problems and aspirations.

In spite of such glaring lack of challenge in work, the I.F.S. is the most sought after service in the country. Anyone getting into this coveted service acquires the surest passport to marriage into the country's most aristrocratic families. Not only the I.F.S., even the clerical cadres of the External Affairs Ministry are equally sought after by both educated girls and the hopeful fathers-in-law.

This craze for a career in the Foreign Service is explained by two factors. First the career provides guaranteed opportunities not only for travel abroad but also for living there at the Government's cost in reasonable glamour and style. Secondly, a single posting abroad helps save more money abroad than would be possible in an honest career of 25-30 years in India, even in the I.A.S., the high caste Brahmins of bureaucracy at home. Unlike any other category of Indian bureaucracy, Indian diplomats when posted abroad enjoy quite a few concessions and perks.

A liberal education allowance admissible comes handy for educating one's children at Oxford and Cambridge. The foreign allowances and other perks are tax-free. As a matter of fact, there is little that is not paid for by the Indian Government — furnished houses, crockery, curtains, central heating, etc.

The facilities available to heads of Missions are greater and in their case practically everything at their residences is paid for by the exchequer—cars, petrol, chauffeurs, cooks, servants, food, liquor, entertainment and even gifts, necessary or otherwise. Apart from the perks (some of which are not available to Indians posted abroad as non-diplomats, e.g. technicians, specialists, etc.) is the facility of importing several acquisitions like "phoren" gadgets at the time of one's return to India from a foreign posting. The sale proceeds from these gadgets can often add considerably to the already substantial fortune abroad.

Is this the whole story? It is not. Missions have numerous functions. One such function is to look after the interests of Indians in the country. Important to all Indian nationals abroad, this function is rarely well performed. Most Indians who have stayed in some foreign country will bear me out about the indifference of our diplomats to their problems. Although their profession and training are expected to impart them tact and genuine concern for fellow nationals, few Indian diplomats are effective in these matters. They rarely can help playing the "overlord" whenever a fellow Indian is around. The display of authority and feigned occupation with work, when approached with a problem often betrays the superficiality of their training.

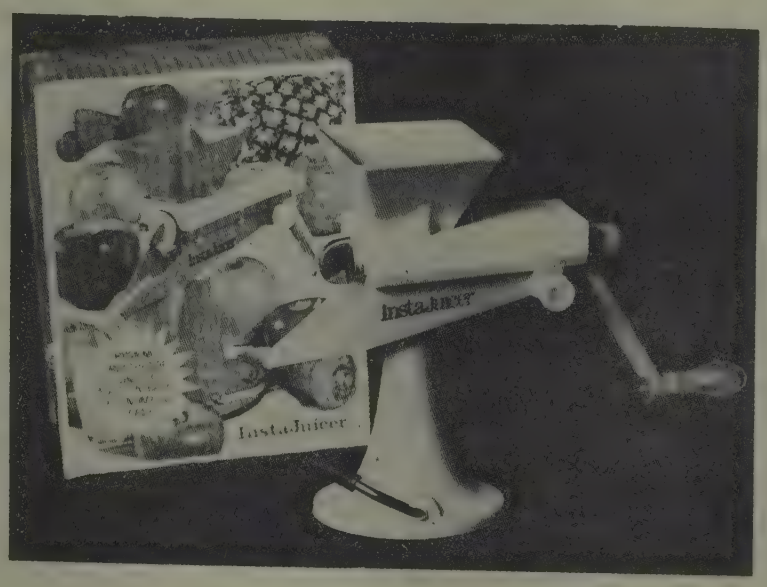
If some non-diplomat fellow Indians happen to be on deputation to a foreign country, our diplomats accredited to the country will see to it that the former pay proper homage to the latter failing which harassment is likely. If such Indians happen to be liked by the foreign Government due to their work, instead of feeling proud, the diplomats construe the behaviour of the officers as an interference in the diplomatic domain. God save such Indians from the wrath of the mission for cultivating the foreign Government!

Most of us, in our naivete, believe that relations of one country with another depend solely on the deeds of heads of missions and other diplomats. Such a belief cannot be farther from the truth. Relations between countries, mainly de-

an individual — even if it were a Palkhivala or a Goray. The relations between nations depend entirely on mutual interests. These interests could be as diverse as balance of power, nuclear and military hardware and economic issues like aid and trade. Similarly, the interests could concern technological disciplines like resource exploitation and know-how or academic ones like exchange of experts. Rarely have two nations been drawn to each other, solely by considerations of lofty principles.

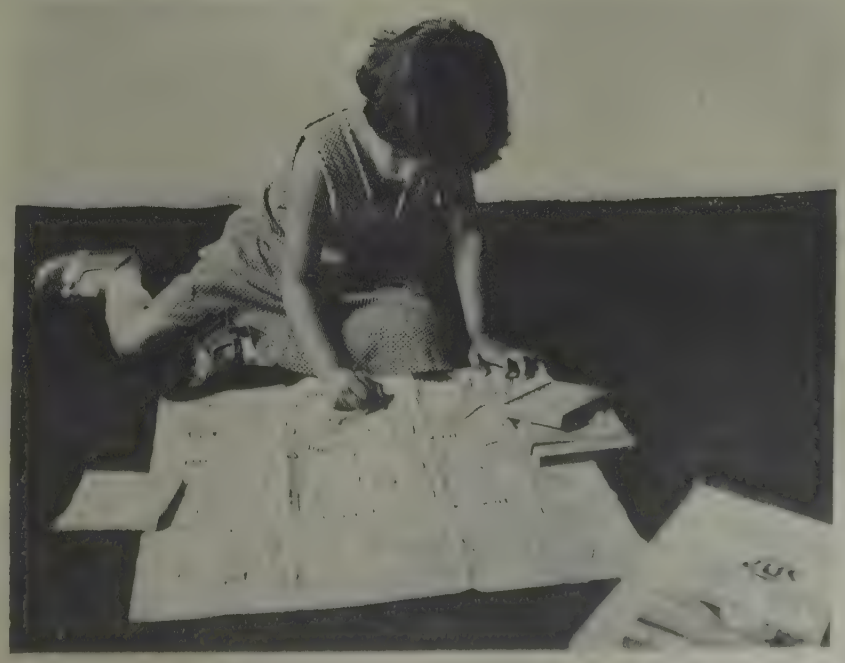
The bulk of issues concerning self-interest may be complex ones, and beyond the mechanics of diplomatic work, needing the help of experts. Surprisingly, even comparatively simple issues like postal and tele-communications, land, sea and air movements do not allow comprehensive resolution by diplomats alone. This should not be considered as casting any reflections on the shrewdness, brilliance or intellect of our diplomats. It just happens that in today's world of excessive specialization, cumbersome procedures and the extraordinary control over human lives by the state, every issue is rendered so complex that the help of experts (i.e. special teams/delegations) becomes inevitable for both sides.

The British who had considered themselves to be "a race on whose shoulders was placed the mantle of governing" 560 million people and almost a quarter of the earth's surface by "an inscrutable decree of providence" recently ordered closing down of 55 British High Commissions, Embassies and Consulates. When an empire that was can be bold enough to accept the changes wrought by time, it is proper that a poor nation India, too, undertakes a stocktaking of her gigantic and extravagant diplomatic empire. Surely there is enough room for tightening the belt without sacrificing the "image." Rather, the image may improve by such a step, for an image of lavishness and extravagance does not suit a nation which has been desperately seeking foreign aid consistently for thirty years.



To relieve the drudgery of those tiring household chores, more and more labour-saving gadgets are being introduced into the market these days. Here is a sleek juice extractor — InstaJuicer made from high density plastic introduced by Mail Order Sales Pvt. Ltd., Bombay. Hygienic, rust-proof, easy-to-clean it has a suction base. Price Rs. 88. At leading stores.

And now... Concord Rice Sticks (Instant Rice Noodles) processed by Bharat Food Products, Madras. Very handy when you have unexpected guests; make delicious dishes — vegetarian as well as non-vegetarian. Price Rs. 7.60 excluding taxes. At leading stores.



For hours and hours of fun is this Fun-N-Colour Learn To Colour kit for children. It consists of four white plastic sheets printed with line drawings of the English alphabets, numbers, animals, birds, planes, etc. These are to be coloured with the oil pastels provided. The colouring can be easily wiped off with a soft tissue or a duster making the sheets reusable. Introduced for the first time in India by the Western India Mfr'rs Agency (Pvt. Ltd.) Ltd., Bombay, they make delightful gifts for children. Price Rs. 15 — available at leading stores.

Devi

While Shivaji has been honoured with a large number of statues, I am quite annoyed at the way writers as well as sculptors of today have ignored his horse Krishna. Most of Shivaji's statues in the city show him riding a stallion instead of the mare Krishna Over the years Shivaji has been spoilt for me by those who want to cash in on him. Politicians reared a crop of Shivaji statues for their gain. He came handy for all the darpoks who wanted to feign valour.

The Moghuls, in comparison, were more colourful, complete with intrigues, poison, perfumes, women, poetry and gardens. Naturally film folks cashed in on the Moghuls and every time they showed Akbar, be it even as a faltu father who has nothing to do except, armed with a rose in hand, trail after son Salim, who in turn trails after Anarkali, the films here proved a hit.

Because the Moghuls are a presold screenplay. On the

CASHING IN ON SHIVAJI

contrary, the severe, austere, elusive Shivaji who accumulated a string of forts, and rejected a beautiful woman presented to him as part of the loot, has proved a flop subject for films. The hero of school books has failed to grip the cinegoers, even though he has been presented in Ma bete kahani with mother Jijau.

And now Shalinitai Patil, wife of ex-chief minister Vasantdada Patil has written (so she insists) the story of Rajmata, and the mahurat was at Filmcity. Sunil Dutt and Nutan will play Shivaji's parents. Shivaji will be played by the most suitable, rather more available, Parikshat Sahni. The mahurat itself revealed lack of colour. Sunil and Nutan were dressed in casual clothes, rows of wooden chairs had politicians of all sorts, there was a trumpet which sounded like a rat caught in a gutter, and I never understood the shower of confetti that messed up our hair, as well as the casatta icecream at 9 a.m.

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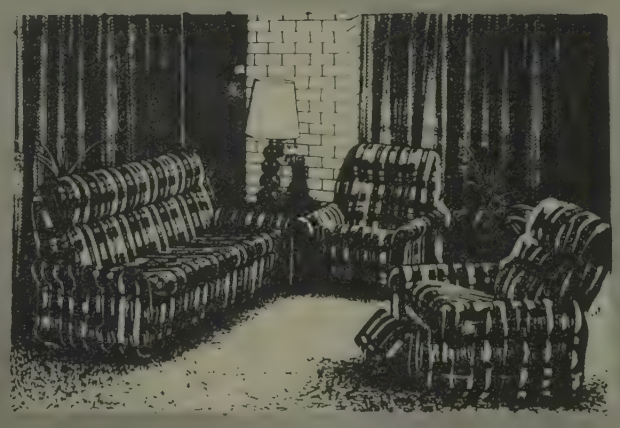

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IS AN IFS CAREER STILL ATTRACTIVE?

Bharati Chatterjee

The glamour of the IFS is fading because of discrimination and difficult postings

Until the late fifties and almost into the sixties, two of the most attractive careers open to bright young women were the Administrative and Foreign Services. The fact that they entailed a stiff competitive examination only added to the aura of extreme respectability. One speaks in the past tense because today a wide choice of careers has been opened to youngsters in business management, advertising, journalism, where competition is far less acute and the prospects by far better. Yet, these two services continue to attract people, except that quite subtly, a perceptible difference can be noted in the **calibre** of those who generally go through the stiff examination.

Speaking to one of the most senior women in the Foreign Service, we arrived at the dismal conclusion that a more than plausible explanation for the present disinterest in the two services could be the fact that the competition does not end with the examinations. Only the very gutsy, tenacious and dedicated women may manage to hold on to and rise in a service inherently crippled by bureaucracy, doubly so because a woman has to be twice as smart as her male peer to make any kind of mark.

"Is there a very distinct discrimination against women? For instance, why is it that women never get any important ambassadorial post?"

BY DESIGN

"Well, I've been in the service for the past twenty-three years and let me tell you it hasn't been a bed of roses. Quite frankly, a woman has to be tough as nails and really ten times better than a man to survive in this kind of job. It is not so much a question of discrimination, which is there of course. It is a matter of a basic inability to accept a woman as an equal professionally. As for ambassadorships, I'm just as much in the dark as anyone else. Do you know, women are being very systematically selected for outlandish posts, especially to Africa—the west coast of Africa, on or near the Sahara desert!"

We laughed at the devious idea and wondered if this was indeed by design and not accident. Counting names and postings we found a bleak chart for women. At this moment, six women are posted or are on their way to being posted in places like Acra (Ghana), Panama, Peru, Guinea, Senegal and Rome. "If young girls are imagining places like Washington and Paris, they should become air hostesses."

Appalled by the lack of enthusiasm among the women I met, the discussion inevitably took a turn towards the general politics in the country.

"Has there been any difference since the change in government?"

"Oh yes, distinctly. So long as Mrs. Gandhi was PM, however reluctantly, we did receive some respect. She may not have done enough, but at least she was definitely interested in women's problems. What can we say? With a Prime Minister in office today who openly makes derogatory remarks, foolish remarks about women, how can you blame men for taking the same attitude? We have no channel of redress now. With a dull group of men heading the government, embroiled in trivia of the lowest order, one fears for the future of this country. Who knows? Perhaps we deserve it.

"A recent happening should serve as an example, an example of how blatantly incompetent our Ministers are. A foreign visitor who was very keen to meet our Home Minister returned to his country thoroughly disillusioned. After asking him a couple of probing questions regarding service conditions and so on, he realised that the Minister didn't know a thing, so he made polite conversation. At the first remotely related mention of Mrs. Gandhi, the Minister's eyes lighted up and he made the first spirited remark of the evening, 'I'll put that woman behind bars.' It is excruciatingly embarrassing these days to even accompany foreign guests to meet Ministers. Embarrassing to expose our weakness."

"Apart from the very senior postings, are women generally given a fair chance at proving their worth?"

"To be absolutely impartial, matters have improved vastly since the last ten/twelve years. One does not know how far it is related to the powers that be, or whether it is simply the natural trend of events. Today, and by that I mean in recent years, women are gradually beginning to be accepted far more readily as capable of handling jobs traditionally believed to be beyond their capabilities."

At this point, an interesting diversion took place in the conversation. The war of the sexes is of course the butt of many jokes, but it is also a cruel, cold reality. We tried to analyse the general trend the world over, in attitudinal differences towards women.

In the economically advanced nations of the West with Christian cultures, the condescension towards women is as deep-rooted as the idea of Sin. It is the same in the nations dominated by Islam (with the strange exception of Indonesia, but not so strange perhaps because of the strong Indian influence in their culture) where women are very distinctly relegated to specifically appointed work "suited" to them.

The only economies that have made the fullest use of women as a force to reckon with are the socialist/communist ones. This only goes to prove that the problem does not lie so much in men as in the total conditioning of any given culture. After all, women are just as responsible for the attitude of men in our culture. In fact, they aid and abet, if it so suits them. It is always the mother-in-law who is the most difficult barrier to cross if a woman steps out to work. It is the mother-in-law who insists on perpetuating the dowry system.

DOMESTIC LIFE

"Does not working in a position of power and authority affect a married woman's domestic life? What happens when a woman is posted abroad? Does not her husband's career get affected?"

"A very basic problem. Strange that this question should suggest an unexpected pattern in my mind. Do you know, almost all the women, I know, in the Foreign Service that is, those who have married, chose to marry very mature, quiet, unsophisticated men. None of those flashy types. We need special understanding perhaps. After all, those of us who choose this as a career are just as serious, if not much more so, than our male counterparts. It wouldn't do to have a domestic scene every time we had to go out on duty. And yet, with the very best intentions, tensions do creep in. No man likes being introduced as so-and-so's husband. Men are so much more conscious of hierarchies than women are. It may not matter a hoot to a woman, but to a man it makes a big difference if his wife holds a post one step up the ladder, even if it is in a totally unrelated job. I have never understood this. Is it that men are more insecure?"

"I have a strong belief they are. In fact, I'd go a step further and say that our civilisation is built on and around insecurity."

"That remark would need much thought, but it is true that men react rather violently if there is a threat, even an imagined one, to their sense of security. I have known women lose absolutely deserved jobs simply because a man felt it was a vague threat to his security. Wars are fought on that, aren't they?"

MORE INVOLVED

"Is there a forum for women, some kind of organisational effort towards overcoming injustice? I realise that the question isn't very bright, but perhaps it is more in the nature of a suggestion."

"There is such a Committee, surprisingly enough, but it serves no purpose beyond giving a few people a rather comfortable means of earning a living. The woman who is in charge has neither the capability nor the imagination to run the thing."

"The allegation that women become emotional and thereby ineffective as decision-makers has often bothered me. Would you like to comment on that?"

"How typical! I would say that women are more involved in what they do. They get involved. A matter which remains a mere file to men, may take on the vitality of a cause to a woman. We are of course generalising. Yet, by far, a woman of mettle and dedication makes a far superior officer. We are less wary of decision-making. I have been accused of the exact opposite, that is, taking matters too seriously. We bring sensitivity to a job much more easily."

It is nearly thirty years since the two services began. And for the first time in thirty years, people in these services have begun to feel a singular lack of interest in it. The various ministries are headed by men either totally incompetent or men engaged in a dedicated effort to denigrate the very office they serve, and the decision-makers are left to iron out their own internecine wars. Eventually, it is always the citizen who is affected.

Women Scientists at the I.I.G.

Women have made such impressive progress in the field of science that nearly half of the scientists working in the Indian Institute of Geomagnetism are women, and they are enjoying their challenging jobs

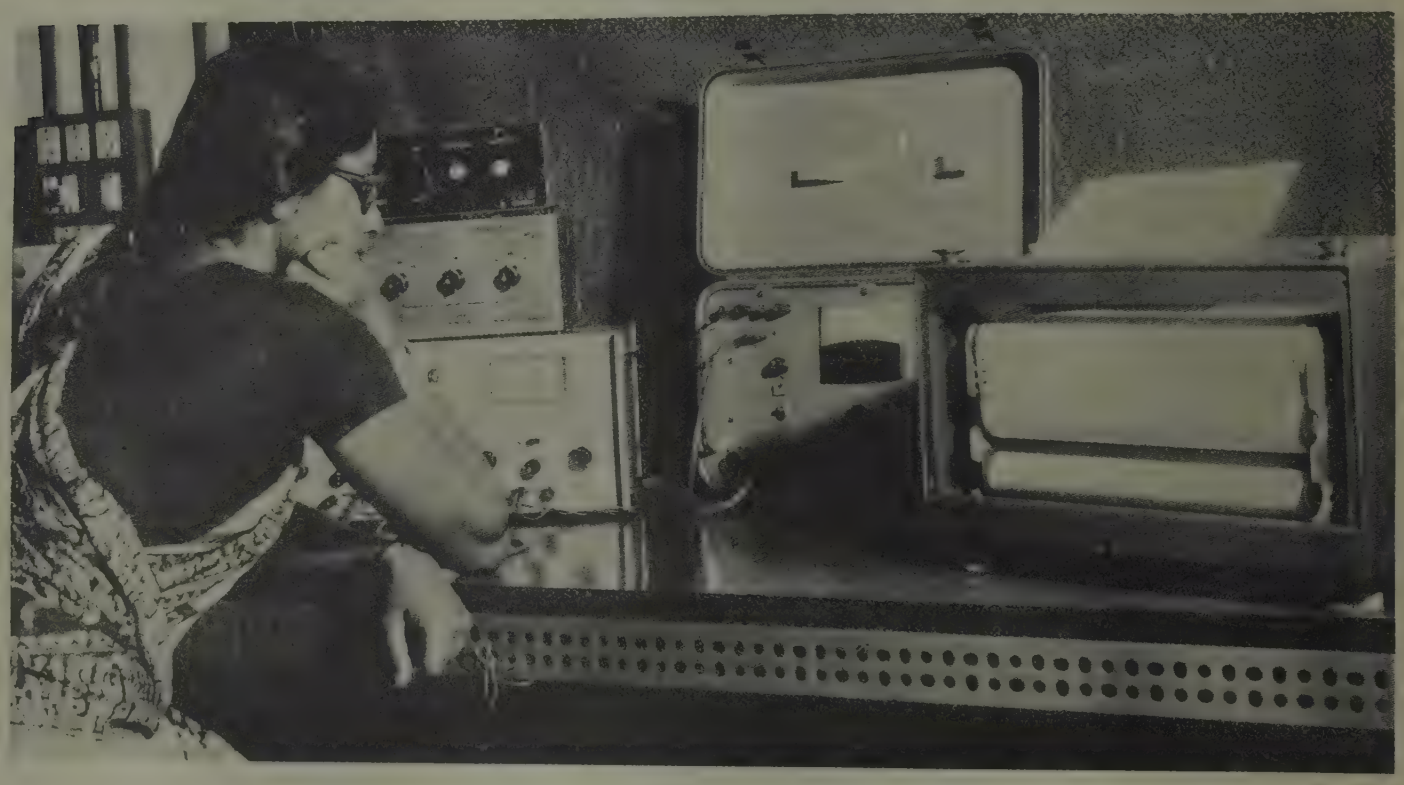
Shailaja Ganguly

I was intrigued by this letter which ran: "As a journalist espousing the cause of career women, you will be interested in reporting about our unique organisation where several Eves are involved in scientific research of a very high specialisation," but what actually spurred me was the fact that "among the senior scientific staff almost 50 per cent are ladies."

So, on to the Indian Institute of Geomagnetism (I.I.G.) which buzzes with activity unmindful of the soporific suburb in which it is housed and the napping trees that punctuate its compound. Basically, the scientists at the Institute analyse the geomagnetic data obtained in the Indian subcontinent in collaboration with international ground stations, and apply it in various allied fields such as the magnetosphere, the upper atmosphere and studies of the earth's interior.

India, you must know, has had a 130-year long history of geomagnetic observatory operations, land magnetic survey and research. Initially situated in Bombay, the observatory was shifted to Alibag in 1904. The Bombay-Alibag Photographic Varometer records now extend to a century and over! The observatory at Kodaikanal, operated between 1901-21 by the Survey of India, was revived by the Astrophysical Observatory in 1948. Two more stations in the equatorial region were established at Trivandrum and Annamalainagar in 1957, followed by the Hyderabad and Sabhawala (Dehradun) observatories in 1964 (operated by the National Geographical Research Institute, Hyderabad, and Survey of India, Dehradun, respectively). The latest station is at Gulmarg, Kashmir, established in 1977. It was in 1971 that the Government converted the Colaba and Alibag Observatories, Bombay, into an autonomous research institute — the I.I.G.

The work carried on here is invaluable in petroleum and mineral exploration, earthquake studies, understanding climatic changes arising out of changes in solar activity, and in fundamental research of outer space, the findings of which are distributed to the world data centres. Then there are those six "pips" at 0845 and 2045 hours from the Bombay "B" station of the A.I.R. providing accurate time for Bombayites. These originate from the Institute's Quartz Time Standards at Colaba and are broadcast through a link between the Institute and the A.I.R.



One of the scientists studying the magnetic pulsation unit.

Scientists working on the punching machine. Behind them are data tapes.

Only when I was armed with all this "inside information" did I chat with some of the imposing bevy of women scientists. With a smile that crinkles lively eyes, Mita Mazumdar, research associate, explained that she uses the available data to postulate what the conductivity of the earth is like. "We fit the data to existing models and if we find discrepancies, we apply various physical corrections and arrive at the conductivity pattern which may be of interest in seismology research."

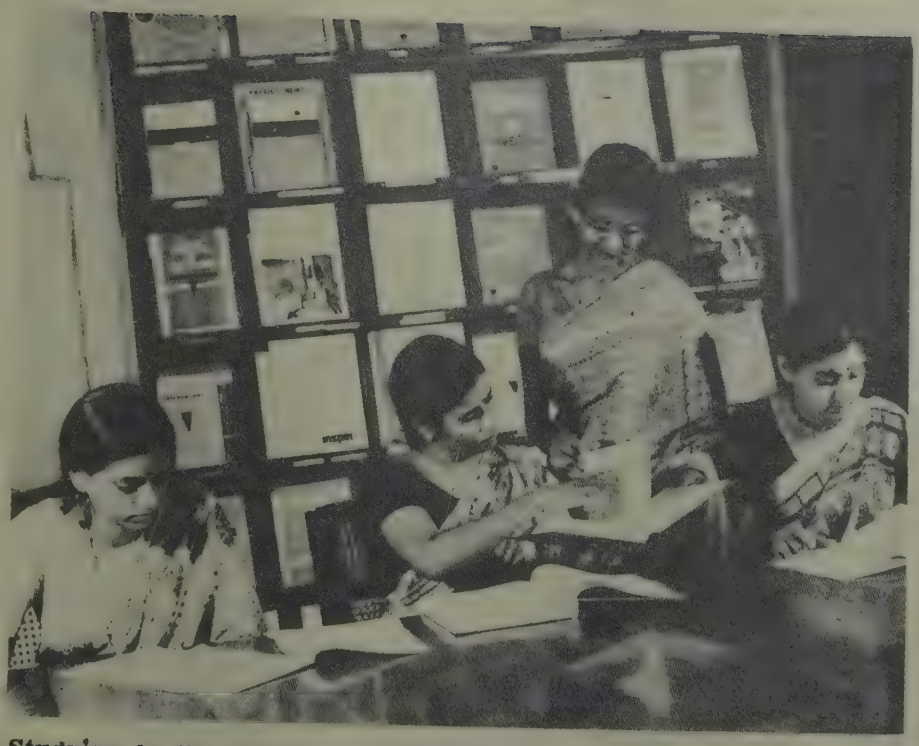
She is currently involved in a paper demonstrating that there is a conducting channel going

through the mantle/core level in peninsular India. This, when combined with seismic study, would aid prediction of earthquake zones. She is also engaged in a long-term study of how emissions from the sun affect the magnetic field of the earth.

"If we pinpoint existing relations, we can pinpoint long-term forecasts. This differs from metereology in that, here, we keep the source in mind viz. the sun and its energy output."

Presently working for her Ph.D., Mita claims that the "utilitarian value" of her job satisfies her.

Then there is Dr. (Mrs.) Manashi Roy who did her Ph.D. (on "Low Temperature Transport Co-efficient of Metals") at Cornell, New York, but hurried back home because she was unable to wean herself from her "sense of belonging." As she puts it in her forthright manner, "I'd rather be discriminated against or exploited in my own country!"



Studying in the library of the Institute.

The complexity of the work calls for a high degree of concentration.

Mrs. Roy worked at the T.I.F.R. for a couple of years on a CSIR fellowship before joining the I.I.G., where she "switched back from solid-state physics to geomagnetism which is basically classical physics."

Plasma physics, which is currently her forte, is an application of the electromagnetic theory, and broadly speaking, it deals with the relation of the sun with the environment of the earth (or the solar-terrestrial relationship if you please).

"We study this theoretically; to test our results we use the data collected by satellites the world over."

The I.I.G. is a member of the World Digital Data Centre. Under its World Magnetic Archives Project, the series of hourly magnetic readings from all the Indian Magnetic Observatories have been placed on punch cards which, after cross-checking, are written on magnetic tape-reels to be deposited at all World Data Centres for scientific use.

"Secondly," Mrs. Roy continued, "we study the geomagnetic field and its variations on the various points of the surface of the earth. I am interested in the dynamic properties of the magnetosphere. Sometimes in the sun there are bright eruptions called solar flares which have several effects on the earth's environment. I'm studying their geomagnetic effect."

Mrs. Roy has several publications in reputed national and international scientific periodicals to her credit. "Don't ask!" she smiles when I sound a familiar problem — combining career and housekeeping efficiently. (Her solution? "Rope your man in to help, but see that he does not realise it!")

Dr. (Mrs.) Revathy Prabhakaran and Mrs. Kamal Bhatia are both research associates at the Institute. Revathy has done her thesis on "Collisionless plasma and the magnetosphere." Her work involves the application of plasma physics in explaining geomagnetic phenomena to study the solar-terrestrial relationship.

Kamal is working on her thesis "Plasma instabilities in the magnetosphere."

Doing the computation work dealing with the scaling and data processing of magnetograms received from the Trivandrum Observatory is Prafulla Rangarajan whose husband, incidentally, is a Reader at the Institute.

She has brisk diction, a sharpened ability to put across her point in crisp and concise vocabulary. She is Mrs. Girija Rajaram, Reader, I.I.G.

After doing her Ph.D. at the Physical Research Lab., Ahmedabad, she went on a post-doctoral fellowship to the Institute of Space and Aeronautical Sciences, Tokyo, where she had the rare chance to work in the Profs. Obayashi and Nishida's group (known for its original thinking). At I.I.G. her work involves understanding the physics, chemistry and dynamics of the upper atmosphere, viz. the ionosphere-plasmosphere system — features that respond sharply to solar activity and geomagnetic variations.

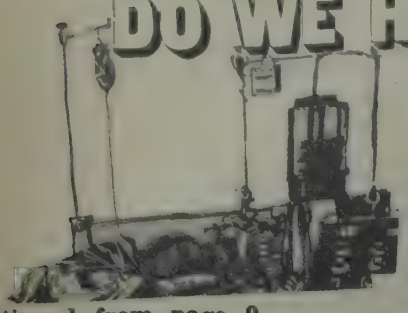
"Geomagnetic instrumentation and the advances in geomagnetic data collection interest me," she says; no wonder she has taken under her wing the Annamalai and Shillong Observatories, which means that she is responsible for the quality of the data from the instrumentation to the printing stage. She has contributed several research papers and conference presentations.

It is her fund of "tremendous enthusiasm" (plus "my sister and parents who looked after my daughter, my husband, and of course, my trusted servant who looked after my home") that has helped her reach where she is although "it was not at all easy at times."

With the advent of the space age, geomagnetic research has soared as the earth's field plays a major role in upper atmospheric processes. India, by virtue of its geographic and magnetic location, is in a very happy position for studies of many aspects of the earth's field. With a century and a half's experience, a rich data collection and international collaboration, India will no doubt make noteworthy contributions in this field.

Ms. Nandini (a postgraduate in Exploration Geophysics from I.I.T. Kharagpur, and the first woman to join the scientific cadre at I.I.G.) told me that the management is "very sweet," there being no prejudice at all against a woman being a woman. So we can be sure that the coming decade will witness an even more spirited tussle in the man-woman ratio. Keep it up Eves!

DO WE HAVE A RIGHT TO DIE?



Continued from page 9

The physician's dilemma also extends to choosing the moment of the patient's death. There are so many medical conditions which lead to chronic, painful diseases with the passage of time. Would a physician put his heart and soul in treating these cases if he knew they were to be "mercy-killed" later on? And why not spare the patient all pain and suffering, at the very onset of the disease rather than wait for the agony to become unbearable? Again, most doctors craving for recognition in this result oriented world hesitate to advocate euthanasia for their patients in the hope of finding some cure for the so-called "incurables."

Men of science have also questioned the role of euthanasia vis-a-vis medical research. Many physicians do not comprehend how research in the various fields of medicine including incurable diseases could continue if such cases were prematurely sent to the grave.

Of course, this does not mean that doctors do not accept mercy killing at all. Every doctor at some stage of his career has given up heroic efforts on a bad case and allowed death to supervene, knowing that his best was not enough. Besides this, there are many doctors who have admitted administering narcotics to malformed babies resulting in their premature death. Quite often, a respirator is switched off or an oxygen cylinder not replaced when empty, to prevent further agony both to the patient and the relatives. Most of these are done on "humanitarian grounds." In other cases, vital equipment may be switched off from a hopeless case to help another patient tide over an acute crisis in a bid to give life to the patient with the curable and more hopeful condition. All these cases of euthanasia are accepted in day-to-day life, but remain clothed in secrecy due to social and legal bars.

Public opinion on such sensitive topics is usually pulled in varying directions, according to the situation. The economic burden of the care of a chronically ill person may sap the resources of a family and bring it close to destitution. The care of the patient itself turns into a long monotonous chore from which the relatives may seek relief by the patient's death.

On the other hand, a large number of relatives and patients look upon such occasions as a test of their faith in humanity and God, and put up with the problems cheerfully. Such people may suffer feelings of guilt after an act of mercy killing and run into psychiatric problems. One philosophical person interviewed said, "Is the world only for the fit? Why should not defective babies and chronically sick patients find a place in this so-called 'humane' world?" Doubts about the physician's integrity and character are also bound to appear once it is known he or she is a practitioner of euthanasia.

Religion has played a very large role in the moulding of public opinion in the field of euthanasia. Down the ages, religion has strictly forbidden the taking of life in any way and has equated euthanasia with suicide. The second reason put forward by the religiously inclined in opposing euthanasia is that suffering is to be accepted as punishment for sins.

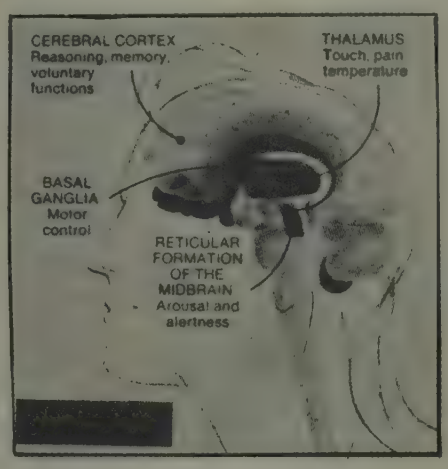


Diagram of Karen's brain.

In recent years however, a new wind of radical thought has blown off old ideas. The Church in particular, grants a man "the liberty to be free and, if he so wills, to refuse to put himself in the hands of doctors." While still condemning euthanasia, Catholic theology permits the use of narcotic drugs in the relief of pain, even though the dosage may ultimately be high enough to cause respiratory depression and death (due to the immunity of the body to smaller amounts of the drug). The logic behind this concept is that the drug is given to prevent pain and though it may result in death as a secondary effect, the intentions are honourable. Modern religious thinkers also accept cessation of artificial aids to life as within the teachings of theology. In the now historic case of Karen Quinlan, the parents had the support of their parish priest Father Trapasso, who assured them that "under Roman Catholic teaching, they had no moral obligation to keep their daughter alive by extraordinary means without hope."

The law, on the other hand, is quite forthright, but its application is very confusing. In the entire civilized world, euthanasia is equivalent to murder in the eyes of the law. In a case that came for trial in Britain, Justice Byles opined that "to hasten death in any way constitutes murder, or at least manslaughter." In India, too, any physician who kills his patient on grounds of mercy would stand trial at least for culpable homicide if not for murder. However, Section 88/89 of the Indian Penal Code comes to the rescue of the sincere physician, as the doctor is not held responsible for any act which is not intended to cause death but is done for the benefit of the person with his consent (e.g. an operation) even though the act may cause harm or death.

The doctor who performs an act of mercy killing may be charged with abetment of suicide, homicide or criminal negligence of the patient depending upon the circumstances of the case. The judge and jury, however, choose to be lenient if they are convinced that the act was done on humanitarian grounds. Several cases may be quoted to prove this: In Great Britain (Rex vs. Adams) a physician was accused of murdering his patient by administration of excessive amounts of sedatives. Acquitting him, Justice Devlin remarked, "If the first purpose of medicine — the restoration of health — can no longer be achieved, there is still much for the doctor to do, and he is entitled to do all that is proper and necessary to relieve pain and suffering, even if the measures he takes may incidentally shorten human life."

In another case where a doctor had injected 40 cc of air into a patient's veins, the jury decided that the patient was already dead and did not die as a result of the doctor's act. In 1927, Justice Branson passed a light sentence on a man who drowned his incurably and miserably sick child after caring for her for six weeks. In 1962, in Liege (Belgium), Madame van der Put poisoned her thalidomide baby born without arms or shoulders and with deformed feet. The mother pleaded that she had killed her child to save it from a life of suffering. When it was pointed out that at least the child's mind was normal, Madame Put said, "That was only worse. If she had grown up to realise the state she was in, she would never forgive me for letting her live." She was acquitted.

Perhaps the most radical judgement legalising euthanasia by setting a precedent, came from the Nagoya High Court in Japan in 1962. It laid down that euthanasia did not constitute murder if it was done on the following six grounds:

(1) The victim must be suffering from an incurable illness and death is imminent.
(2) He must suffer from unbearable pain, obvious to any one.
(3) The purpose of mercy killing is the relief of pain.
(4) The ailing, person's conscience is clear and he, in all seriousness, asks for or approves euthanasia.
(5) It is performed by a physician — unless that is not possible.
(6) The method of killing is morally acceptable.

In spite of rulings which have gone in favour of mercy killing, legislative bodies both in the USA and Britain have not passed Euthanasia Bills sponsored by people who were keen to legalise mercy killing. Besides the points expressed above, the obvious fear has been that such a law could be misused with the help of unscrupulous doctors, and that it would encourage people to think in terms of suicide.

In India, the position is very different from the demanding atmosphere that prevails in the developed countries. A cross-section of doctors said that patients do not often ask for mercy killing and the relatives never even mention the word death. However, when the inevitability of death is apparent, the patient and relatives accept the fact calmly and do not protest at all when life-saving aids are withdrawn.

A criminal lawyer noted that no case of euthanasia has ever come up in an Indian court and the legal viewpoint in India has thus never been tested.

The latest suggestion from euthanasia lobbyists is the setting up of euthanasia panels in every state, or even every large hospital if possible, consisting of a lawyer, doctor, psychiatrist, medical/social worker and two specialists in the field of the patient's disease. They recommend that any doctor who believes a case fit for euthanasia should refer the case to this panel which will decide each case on its merits. But then, why subject the patient to further harrowing time till the panel decides either way? Besides, who will pay the high cost of constituting such panels?

In the final analysis, things like mercy killing are best left to the patients and their close relatives. As Chesser point out, "There is a big difference between yielding to the entreaty of a man who wishes to die and killing someone you think would be better off dead. The right to die and the right to kill are not the same thing."

The layman must realise that ultimately all life must come to an end, and we must appreciate that while life must be preserved, there is no use or morality in prolonging the inevitable process of dying by extraordinary means.

hi ya honey!

By an Alves called Johnnie

Bandra used to be a beautiful place to live in, queen of the suburbs it was called — small bungalows with large gardens, fruit trees galore. If your garden didn't have your favourite fruit, your neighbour's had and you were free to have it. Every garden had a well with potable water and a mali who showed you around and allowed you to stay three months rent free, to make up your mind, The phrase, tweny-four hours water, was not yet invented — it was not needed. No noisy pumps that have to be switched on at sleeping time. We had large sitting rooms with soft drop-in-deep sofas, king-size dining rooms with tables that doubled up for ping-pong (T.T. came later), any number of bedrooms where we played hide and seek during the monsoons and a kitchen that stored a year's supply of firewood, onions, pickles in large jars, home made jams — you name it, we had it. It was a veritable storeroom fit for the goods. The toilet was way out in the garden and the walk to it helped. Those were the days!

He then pushed the door to the kitchen. It finally gave way coming off the hinges.

"Is this the kitchen?" I asked in alarm. It was not large enough to hold a refrigerator.

"It's a kitchenette," he said sucking his teeth. "You and your servant will of course have to take turns entering it."

Trying to change the subject, I said, "My son has a dog, medium size. I suppose you have a verandah somewhere where he can be tied?"

He put his chin on his palms, struck a thinking pose and said, "Well, that's one bedroom out, but you still have one for your personal use."

Being accustomed to a separate dining room, I enquired where it was. Mr. Surve turned round and looked at me as shocked as the beadle looking at Oliver Twist asking for more. Putting on the air of a snob, he told me, "Modern flats have combined sitting room-cum-dining room.".

MY FLAT IS SO SMALL, THE MICE WALK HUNCH-BACK

I recently went there to see a flat. Thought I'd move into the suburbs. I read an advertisement that seemed to suit me. "Two-bedroom flat, musical area, village atmosphere, for sale." The area looked like one where even the police had to move about in pairs. Mr. Surve, the owner, met me at the gate. Nattily dressed, he looked like a spider waiting for the fly to enter his web. He shook my hands like a long lost brother, then looked me up from toe to top with the can-he-afford-it look and said, "You'll never get a flat like this for one lakh and fifty thousand."

"I beg your pardon, but I think you said one lakh thirty."

"If you look carefully at the postcard, it is dated March 8. Today is 10th. I am only considering you because you work in H.P.C. I refused two from B.P.C."

We went up a very narrow stairway, one at a time. "How does the furniture come in?" I asked. He ignored the question. When I got into the sitting room, I understood why. If one put in a sofa set, one would have to climb over it to cross the room.

"There's a crack in the hall ceiling," I pointed out.

"Oh, that? It's superficial, it can be fixed in no time. What with the cement you get these days. . ."

It was my turn to look surprised. He added, "Oh, by the way, the last tenant got over the problem you are thinking of by holding buffet meals." Then he threw in a bonus. "You can use the terrace on full moon days."

"The school's a stone's throw from here," he said and I believed him, looking at the broken window panes.

Then he stood on the verandah and looked at the row of hutments nearby. "A real village atmosphere if you ask me," he said, pointing to the cattle roaming around and the kids screaming.

When I ventured to get on the verandah, he got out saying, "One at a time please, you never can tell with the cement these days."

When the hutment loud-speakers blared out cheap film music, Mr. Surve shut the doors and windows saying, "You can stop the music when you do not need it."

Then, turning to me he said, "When do we register the sale?"

"I'll have to think it over," I stuttered.

He opened the door to let me out. There were six other prospective buyers waiting to come in. Mr. Surve addressed the first gentleman, "Come in, come in Mr. Padate, Mr. Alves has yet to think it over."

Until next time then.

Eve's Weekly - Quiz Contest -5

HEGMAN

1. What is another one-word name for Taiwan?

2. Name the two Austrian mountaineers who claim to have climbed Mount Everest without oxygen.

3. Which five nations are permanent members of the United Nations Security Council?

4. The American discoverer of antipoliomyelitis vaccine has given his name to it. What is the name?

5. Recently, the Soccer World Cup was held in Argentina. When was the first World Cup tournament held?

6. "One Flew Over The Cuckoo's Nest" was a famous film that won five Academy Awards. Who wrote the book on which the film is based?

7. In which year did Lord Curzon partition Bengal?

8. What is the smallest bone in the human body?

9. Which famous statesman's autobiography is titled "Why Not The Best?"

10. Who made a famous transatlantic flight in the Spirit of St. Louis in 1928?

11. By what initials is the Russian Secret Service known all over the world?

12. Which is India's national flower?

This is the fifth of our fortnightly Quiz Contest series.

As announced in our issue dated July 29, due to unavoidable circumstances, from now on Corn Products will not be offering packets of Brown & Polson Custard Powder and Rex Jelly as prizes.

Instead, Eve's Weekly offers a cash prize of Rs. 50 to the winner — i.e. the person who submits the first all-correct entry by the deadline prescribed.

The deadline for Quiz Contest 5 is August 12. The fixed deadline is to facilitate matters for contestants from out of Bombay.

There is no entry fee. Please mark 'Quiz Contest 5' on the outside of your envelopes

The answers to Quiz 4 will appear in our issue of August 12. The answers to Quiz 5 will appear in our issue of September 2.

people and events

Dr. Rashmi Mayur (ext. right) was presented with the 'Outstanding Young Person' Award of the South Bombay Jaycees, by Bombay's Mayor Mr. Wamanrao Mahadik (standing). Seen with them are Dr. Gita Parikh, PRO, South Bombay Jaycees and president Mr. C. M. Venugopal.

Seen at the reception held to celebrate Iraq National Day in Bombay, by the acting consul general of Iraq, Mr. Salwan Al-Kassar and Mrs. Al-Kassar, are from left, Mrs. Homi Sethna, Mr. S. Agier, consul general for Afghanistan, Mrs. Al-Kassar, Mr. Al-Kassar and Mrs. S. Agier.

ABOVE: Dr. Ann Wigmore (at mike) gave a talk on 'Wheat Grass Therapy', arranged by the Indian Institute of Drugless Therapy, Bombay. Seen with her are from left, Dr. Leo A. Rebello, secretary, Pandit Shiv Sharma, famous Ayurveda Acharya, and Dr. P. K. Bolar, executive director of the Institute.

ABOVE: The Lionettes Club of Bombay's new president, Roshan N. Parikh, lights the lamp at the Club's installation ceremony, with honorary sec. Behroze Mistry, 1st vice-pres., Santosh Jain and Committee members Manorama Dalal and Hansa Jasani looking on.

ABOVE: Committee members of the Anns' Club of Mangalore singing the welcome song at their annual Ladies Nite, celebrated under the auspices of the Rotary Club of Mangalore. The president of the Anns' Club Mrs. Sarojini M. Kushe, is 4th from left.

RIGHT: Mr. Lalchand Hirachand, Chairman, Walchand Group of Industries, and chief guest at the 3rd convocation of the SIES Institute of Management Studies, Bombay, gives away a diploma to a successful candidate.

bombay

On the occasion of the tenth anniversary of the Revolution of July 17, the acting consul general of the Republic of Iraq in Bombay Mr. Salwan Al-Kassar and Mrs. Khuloud Al-Kassar, organised an exhibition called "Civilization and Revolution of Iraq" at the Jehangir Art Gallery. Mr. Vasantrao Patil, then Chief Minister of Maharashtra, inaugurated the exhibition.

The exhibition featured Iraq in all its aspects — its ancient civilization, its old monuments and art, along with the progress it has made after the revolution by the Baa'th Socialist Party — the changing position of women, the technological progress. Also on display were the writings of Iraq's president on ideological, local and Arab issues.

* * *

Dr. Ann Wigmore, the pioneer in discovering and propagating Wheat Grass Therapy, currently in India, gave a talk on her subject arranged by the Indian Institute of Drugless Therapy in Bombay. The Institute tries to popularise Nature Cure through public discussions every first Friday of each month.

Dr. Wigmore's therapy is based on the opinion that all illnesses are caused by a bad diet, and that natural foods eaten in a raw uncooked state are capable of going to the root of all illnesses. This Therapy necessitates a holistic approach to health, instead of dealing with one ailment at a time.

* * *

Covent-Cosmetics (Private) Limited, Bombay, taken over by Mr. K. N. B. Chibber, formerly of M/s. Colgate-Palmolive and Burroughs Wellcome, has introduced toiletries into the market which include perfumed castor hair oil, brilliantine, shampoo, tooth powder and shaving cream. These have been approved by the Food and Drug Control Administration of Maharashtra and the municipal health authorities of Greater Bombay.

A unique feature of this concern is that its entire nett profits are earmarked for various charities. They will be distributed among the war widows of the Armed Forces and their dependants, disabled defence personnel, the Prime Minister's National Relief Fund, homes for the aged and the blind and for the construction and maintenance of hospitals and health clinics.

* * *

Dr. Rashmi Mayur, the environmental scientist, was presented with the 'Outstanding Young Person' Award by Mr. Wamanrao Mahadik, the Mayor of Bombay, on behalf of South Bombay Jaycees.

Dr. Rashmi Mayur was also conferred the Honorary Membership of South Bombay Jaycees.

The objective of the 'Outstanding Young Person' programme is to recognise young men and women for the outstanding contributions they have made to the community or nation, thus enthusing them to greater achievements, and at the same time placing them as living examples before the community.

Dr. Mayur has been appointed the Project Co-ordinator for Asia to the UN Non-Governmental Organisations Committee for Science and Technology. He got his doctorate in Urban Sciences from New York University, and has taught in the USA.

* * *

The Rotary Club of Bombay has decided to further their development programme in the Kalhe village in the year 1978-79.

The Club adopted Kalhe village on July 1, 1977. The village, about 65 kms from Bombay, has a population of 800 people, predominantly dependent on agriculture. The Club's plans include providing educational and health and nutrition facilities, setting up a model agricultural farm for training and building new huts and repairing old huts. A school building has already been constructed, which will also serve as a community hall for social purposes. Villagers have also been immunised, and triple and polio vaccines given to them.

During the coming year, clean piped drinking water will be made available with the Maharashtra Government's help.

calcutta

The Consul General of the Federal Republic of Germany held a reception to meet Mr. and Mrs. David Whiting, Executive Director of the International Trust "Beauty without Cruelty".

Mr. Whiting, whose mother, Lady Whiting, is the founder of the Trust, gave a most interesting talk on the main aim of the Trust, which is to stop the unnecessary slaughter of animals for commercial purposes. His talk was illustrated by a film which brought home the horrors of animal slaughter. Mr. Whiting, who incidentally, caused a sensation by adroitly catching a couple of crooks dealing in the illegal export of tiger and snake skins, hoped to meet the Prime Minister to further the work of the Trust.

madras

The Madras Jaycees held a delightful programme of music at the University Centenary Auditorium, presented by Anand Shankar and troupe. The synthesis of Western and Indian musical instruments, psychedelic effects and dancing, provided an entertaining evening for the audience. The funds raised were for the various projects of the Jaycees.

bangalore

M. S. Subbalakshmi gave a benefit music recital under the auspices of the Samvit Sadhana Kendra, Bangalore, to raise funds for the renovation of the ancient shrine of Somnath Mahadev on the banks of Santa Sarovar at Mount Abu. She was given vocal support by Radha Viswanathan at this concert held at the Ravindra Kalakshetra, Bangalore. Mrs. Janaki Thakoor, Secretary of the Samvit Kendra, explained the salient points of the project. Mr. K. Venkataswamy, Chairman, welcomed the musician and guests.

kerala

The new office-bearers of the Calicut East Inner Wheel Club were inducted at a get-together of the members here.

The outgoing president of the Club, Dr. Santha Venugopal, inducted the new president Dr. Soudhabi for the new year. Dr. M. Thankam, retired superintendent of the Medical College Hospital, Calicut, who was the chief guest urged the members to carry on their social work in relieving the distress of the economically and socially weaker persons.

The new President then presented the insignia to other office-bearers.

* * *

Under the auspices of the Saritha Cultural Organisation at Quilon, a new library was opened recently. At the close of the meeting, 15 poor students were supplied with free textbooks.

world of eve

MANJU MAITRA

A brilliant student of the Loreto College, Calcutta, Manju Maitra came to the Steel City of Rourkela in 1957, after her marriage. Since then she has contributed substantially to its social and cultural life.

Manju is a founder-member of the local Ladies Club, and in 1959, she became secretary and founder-member of the "Busy Bee Club" started by her and an American woman to promote relations between the Indian and the foreign women living there.

Her other interest is linked with her husband and father, both Rotarians. Manju is working for several social welfare projects run by the Rourkela Rotary Club. Manju has a rare rapport with her two talented teenage daughters and they share interests in music, sports and dress-making.

But Manju's main hobby is palmistry. She has studied it seriously for years. A fluent and expressive speaker, she has spoken on this subject at different forums in India.

SARASWATI KOTY

Born in an Andhra village into an orthodox Brahmin family, Saraswati Koty was married to a famous photographer of the royal family of Baroda, the late Mr. Kautharao Koty, at the age of 13 only. Her husband taught her the rudiments of English language as well as the niceties of sophisticated behaviour.

The Kotys founded the first air-conditioned studio in Ahmedabad, patronised by all the governors of Gujarat.

Then came the big break. Saraswati went to Germany to study colour photography at the Agfa-Gavaert factory, and stayed as a guest with the world famous children's photographer, Anne Mary Gripman of Switzerland.

On her return, Saraswati Koty plunged herself into the world of photography and became the first woman photographer of Ahmedabad. Despite conservative opposition her pleasing manners and professional excellence won over her critics.

The death of her husband in 1974 threatened to cut short her career, but she was pursuaded to take over the management of Koty's Studio.

this week for you

IF IT'S YOUR BIRTHDAY THIS WEEK:

The year ahead looks very promising, with planets in Leo having an invigorating effect, bringing back the confidence you may have missed over the past two years or so. Good things are on the way to you — you will sense it and it is true! Love and good-will surround you in the months ahead; there will be exciting travel opportunities, more money, a lively social scene, new friends. You will also be taking the lead in club activities, may be asked to preside over a local committee or organisation. It will be an exciting time for love, with new links forming, plenty of colce! If you make the most of your chances you will improve your status and your fortunes.

For the week August 6—12

John Naylor

ARIES (Mar 22 — Apr 20)

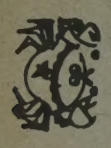
A quarrelsome week — not your fault, but try to avoid upsets. These will bring health problems. Avoid impulsive words or actions on the 8th; be wary about starting a hectic relationship on the 11th. Make a fuss of your man; the 7th, 9th and 10th bring some luck and affection.

TAURUS (Apr 21 — May 21)

There is luck in home life, or through a relative. If spreading your wings and moving away from the family, first half of the week is good for looking around. Otherwise, unexpected money, also excitement in your love life with some super new meetings on the 7th and 12th.

GEMINI (May 22 — June 21)

Around mid-week you could be confused as to just how you feel about someone. But you will know your mind and your heart by the end of the week. Lots of fun and frolic; you may have too many chances! The 8th and 10th could be red-letter days if you are waiting for special news.



CANCER (June 22 — July 23)

Jupiter in your sign is well aspected on Monday and Saturday — good for your personal life, also for money. But the whole week looks great; don't be afraid to change your mind about something on Thursday. Yet the reverse applies on Friday; hold hard to what you have then!

LEO (July 24 — Aug 23)

Keep on the move — for fun and for luck! Take a new tactic in any area where things are lagging a bit. Whatever you do, don't remain in a rut. New doors are opening for you and you must make the most of your Leo allure this week! Take care not to offend a relative on Friday though.

VIRGO (Aug 24 — Sept 23)

You'll have that special something about you, so you can chance your luck a bit! Not cashwise, though, on Tuesday; watch those impulse buys. A change will help your plans, so will a secret revealed to you early in the week. At the weekend, don't be fickle in love — it will rebound on you.

LIBRA (Sept 24 — Oct 23)

Any little problems you've had lately are over and news this week should show you that you are set on a fascinating new trail. But the main accent is on love and the light-hearted side of life. If unattached, a romance can begin suddenly and ardently!

SCORPIO (Oct 24 — Nov 22)

The first half the week is the best for anything. Sunday brings that message or meeting you long for; Monday/Tuesday extra cash, Wednesday a super invitation. The Moon in your sign after this may make you uncertain in one or two areas. Give yourself time to think and don't be impulsive.

SAGITTARIUS (Nov 23 — Dec 22)

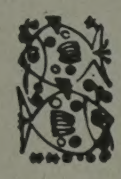
Neptune in your sign is strongly aspected this week, which means that your special plans are highlighted, with Tuesday decisive in your personal life. You may break or make a friendship, finish with a past interest and start on something new and adventurous.

CAPRICORN (Dec 23 — Jan 20)

If born after the 13th, watch your spending for a week or two and problems should start to clear. If born earlier, then you may already be feeling brighter about things, generally. Mid-week brings an opportunity to branch out in some way; the weekend is sociable, rather romantic.

AQUARIUS (Jan 21 — Feb 19)

If you've not been feeling or looking your best lately, this week will see a change for the better. A new heart interest will help things along! You can patch up an old romance, but you must decide whether you really want to. Lots of chances are on the way.



PISCES (Feb 20 — Mar 21)

A busy week, but you'll be feeling more enthusiastic about almost everything now. You may lack self-confidence sometimes, but be ready to seize an opportunity middle of the week. This can lead to a completely new — and more rewarding — way of life, to some super friendships.

next week

Eve's Weekly

ISSUE OF AUGUST 12, 1978

THIRTY ONE YEARS LATER

Women from various walks of life, who have been actively involved in the development of the nation, speak out on what it means to them to be Indians.

THE CONDITION OF WIDOWS

- **The status of widows in society today**
- **Coping with widowhood — examples of some women**
- **How to keep on living—a widow speaks**
- **What was it like, years ago?**
- **Widowhood and rituals**

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